

T H E
MONTHLY MISCELLANY,
OR
J A N U A R Y, 1774.

The SCRIBBLER, a New Periodical Paper.

NUMBER I.

THE world is too sensible of that general truth, that *the itch of writing is an universal distemper*, to need any apology for my present appearance as a candidate for literary fame; but as it is become an indispensable custom for every public writer to give some account of himself, previous to his entering the lists, I shall, in compliance with the laws of my predecessors, make my own history the subject of this month's essay.

To say where I was born, or to whom I am indebted for the care and education of my infancy, would be a point too difficult for me to explain; I must therefore beg leave to pass over that period of my life, and to date my history at the opening of my fifth year, when I found myself at — school, in the county of ****, near a village, where my uncle lived, who was, I believe, the only relation I had in the world: He was a bachelor, had neither brother nor sister, nor do I ever remember to have heard him mention any person to whom he was

MISCEL. VOL. I.

related, except myself. By what means I came to be placed under his care, I have not been able to learn, as he avoided giving any explicit answer to my frequent enquiries on that subject.

When I had gone through such parts of school education as were necessary to improve my understanding, without laying a burthen upon my mind, I was taken from school, and after spending a few weeks at my uncle's villa, I obtained permission to go to London; where I was entrusted to the direction of one of his acquaintances, who lived in the neighbourhood of Berkeley-square.

As I was naturally of a gay and volatile turn of mind, it will easily be imagined I was exceedingly pleased with this situation, where every day brought a succession of new pleasures, and I was continually surrounded with a variety of new objects, that could not fail of inspiring me with rapture and amazement. In the family I was treated with the most distinguishing marks of attention

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attention and regard, and Mr. Moreton considered me as his own son, more than as the nephew of his friend; but this circumstance, tho' manifestly intended for my own advantage only, soon became my greatest cause of uneasiness. His concern for my welfare, and his fears lest the giddiness of my own disposition should carry me beyond the bounds of reason and propriety, made him peculiarly attentive to my behaviour; and though he used every method in his power to amuse and entertain me, yet he never omitted any opportunity of endeavouring to prevent me from making an improper use of those amusements. But notwithstanding his repeated admonitions, I soon contracted an intimacy with a set of gay young fellows, whose notions were equally dissipated with my own, and by their means I soon became regardless of Mr. Moreton's advice, and treated his professions of regard for my happiness with the most unpardonable contempt.

I had just returned one morning from one of my customary revels, when Mr. Moreton, who had been told of my arrival, sent for me into his bed-chamber. He was seated in an easy chair, by the fire, where he had been impatiently waiting for my return during the whole night; and as soon as I entered the room, he sent away the servant who attended on him, and locking the door, addressed me in the following manner:

"I have been a long time, Sir, waiting for you with the greatest anxiety, and could have wished that for *this* night you had given up your accustomed pleasures, or at least retired at an earlier hour. Soon after you went away last night, a messenger arrived from your uncle's, who brought me advice that my worthy friend is dead, and has left you in possession of his fortune and estate. The intimacy which has so long subsisted between him and myself, has in an especial

manner obliged me to employ every means of serving him, and it was with this view that I undertook to receive you into my house, that I might fulfil the grand object of his wishes, by introducing you into the polite world, and enabling you to form such an acquaintance as might be most suitable to your situation in life. How far I have succeeded in this attempt, *your own* conduct will best explain; but you are now no longer under *my* direction, nor have I any great reason to imagine, that *my* advice would have the least weight with you. I cannot, however, suffer you to leave me, without informing you once more of the principal dangers you have to combat with. When you first began to think yourself capable of chusing your own connections, and left the innocent yet rational amusements which I had provided for you, in search of the giddy unsubstantial ones of your own choice, a number of pert, insignificant dangles courted your acquaintance, who, while they professed the most sincere and disinterested attachment to your person, were daily contriving some scheme to deceive you. These pretended friends of yours have drawn you into the most dangerous excesses, wherein yourself was the only sufferer, and your fortune and constitution have been brought to the very brink of destruction, in support of their folly and extravagance. From them you soon learnt to despise the counsels of your uncle and myself; and this house, which you once acknowledged to be the receptacle of all your happiness, is now become irksome and disagreeable to you. What, then, must we expect will be the consequence, if you suffer these connexions to remain?—You now enter the world, in possession of a plentiful fortune, and endued with such abilities as may, by a proper cultivation, be of the greatest service to your country, and no less honourable to yourself. But should you, with all these

JAN.
these advantages, again give way to intemperance and debauchery, you will be detested by every friend to virtue and sobriety, ridiculed even by your most intimate companions, and despised by the very persons who should treat you with respect,---even by the meanest of your dependants.--- Let me then intreat you to resume your proper dignity; shake off every mean, dishonourable acquaintance, and let your fortune be employed to the noble purpose of diffusing happiness to all within your reach; and be assured, that in all these endeavours I shall be at all times ready to give you every possible assistance."

I could not be wholly insensible of the truth of these arguments which Mr. Moreton had used to wean me from my follies; yet, notwithstanding this, I had no inclination to relinquish them. The revels of the night were still predominant, and as the excess of drinking had driven reason from her seat, I easily relapsed into my former prejudices, and would not be persuaded that the enchanting scenes in which I had been engaged, could ever have been productive of infamy or disease. Nor was even the death of my uncle so affecting to me, as the consideration, that an increase of my fortune should debar me from the very enjoyments I intended it should supply.

It had been usual for me to walk out in a morning, to avoid the severity of Mr. Moreton's reproofs; and in these perambulations I frequently met with some of my intimates, who made an appointment for the evening. But in the morning after this disagreeable interview, he stopped me as I was coming down stairs, and desired me to breakfast with him;---a request which I was obliged to comply with, though I should have been glad to have been excused. For I was eager to communicate my good fortune to my companions, and intending to take one or two of them down with me into the

country, as partners in my felicity;---but from this purpose I was also diverted, by the assiduity of my friend. He was convinced, that this alone was the moment in which my extravagancies should be checked, and had seized this opportunity, as the last that might probably be in his power, to save me from destruction.

I need not here repeat the particulars of our morning's conversation.--- Suffice it to say, that I became convinced of my mistake, and saw, with inconceivable regret, that I had wasted the most valuable part of my life in search of momentary pleasure, and had lavished my fortune to support a set of worthless flatterers, who had no other means of existence, than by imposing on the unguarded generosity of inexperienced youth. I intreated Mr. Moreton to continue his friendly assistance to me, and prevailed on him to accompany me to my uncle's villa, where his knowledge of the country, during his acquaintance with my uncle, and his general experience of mankind, would be of the most important service to me.

Mr. Moreton took the advantage of this circumstance, and ordering his carriage to be got ready, we set off before dinner, and arrived in the evening at the mansion of our deceased friend.

As my youth had ever lived in the most uniform and regular manner, his affairs were settled in a very short time after his death; and when the several legacies to his friends and servants were discharged, I found myself in possession of a clear estate of 1500*l.* a year. I had by this time recovered the use of my reasonable faculties, and was resolved to dedicate the rest of my life to the proper application of this fortune, which I was convinced that Providence had bestowed upon me with this intention, that it might be the means of my making some atonement for the indiscretions of my youth. I was occasionally visited by

the gentlemen of my neighbourhood, from whom, by Mr. Moreton's direction, I selected a few, who appeared most worthy of my esteem, and who, by the general tenor of their conduct, had already acquired an universal good opinion.

A new world was thus opened to my view, and I enjoyed an unspeakable happiness amongst these new companions, with whom Reason regulated every pleasure, and Content and Health followed every enjoyment. I was now no longer exposed to the designing flatteries of a few worthless sycophants; but was perpetually deriving some new advantages from the social converse of friendship and sobriety. The example of my friends invited me to frequent actions of humanity and benevolence; and I have received more real satisfaction in relieving the distresses of one indigent person, at the expence of a few shillings only, than in the pursuit of those inordinate pleasures, for which I had lavished such considerable sums.--- When I looked back on the years which I had wasted in useless extravagance, I shudder'd at the reflection, and could not but return my unfeigned acknowledgments to the Divine Being, for having rescued me from the very brink of destruction, and afterwards giving me the means of becoming serviceable to my fellow creatures.

I have now lived ten years at my little villa, and am, I believe, at this moment, the happiest of mankind.--- The country, in which I am situated, is healthy and pleasant; and as I am within a convenient distance from some of the most fashionable places of public resort, I occasionally take a trip thither, with some of my friends. The variety of characters which appear at these places, furnish us with an extensive field for observation; and we generally minutely down our remarks, intending, that when a seasonable opportunity presented itself, such

parts of them should be sent into the world, as were likely to be productive of the most general good. And though it may be objected, that an attempt to reform the errors of mankind, is an unpleasing, and for the most part a fruitless employment, yet, as the vices or follies of men are not prejudicial to themselves alone, but extend their influence to all who are witnesses of them, it becomes the duty of every individual, to exert himself to the utmost, to prevent the spreading of so dangerous an infection.

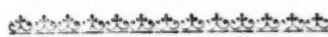
A favourable opportunity now offers for publishing our remarks, and conveying our performances into the great world; my friends have appointed me their agent for the press, and have promised to assist me with such new materials, as may occasionally come within their knowledge.

On this plan, then, I stand confess'd to the world, as a SCRIBBLER for the public good; and though the rod of correction will frequently be employed to check the progress of the increasing vices of the age, yet we shall endeavour, as much as possible, to mitigate its severity, by an occasional recourse to the more lenient measures of reason and persuasion. The physician who would consult the taste, as well as the health of his patient, will always take care that each bitter medicine be accompanied with a suitable proportion of sweets: we shall therefore be particularly attentive to this circumstance, and have the ambition to hope, that we shall be so far able to mix the agreeable with the useful, that our readers may receive the two-fold advantage of amusement and instruction, and that no person, of whatever taste or principle, may rise unsatisfied from our seat.

But it is not on ourselves alone that we depend, for a proper execution of this plan. There are many persons, who, from their situation in life, and their connections with the polite world,

world, have it in their power to be of infinite service to us; and of these,---in the name of our whole society,---I now intreat their assistance; assuring them, that the strictest attention shall always be paid to their respective favours,

By their devoted humble servant,
The SCRIBBLER.



THOUGHTS ON HAPPINESS;

By an imprisoned Debtor.

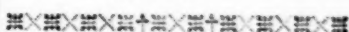
—'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glitt'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

SHAKESPEARE.

THAT Happiness is not confined to rank, the cheerful cottage bears ample testimony. The cares which attend greatness, diminish exceedingly, in the eyes of the possessor, that lustre which is so much the admiration and envy of the vulgar: by these I mean persons of every condition, who are weak enough to place Happiness in pomp. Contentment is a blessing of too solid and substantial a nature to be found amongst shadows and empty gewgaws. The great error of mankind in their pursuit after happiness, is, that they for ever suppose it in something unenjoyed—something at a distance—and the instant they arrive at the spot where Fancy had placed it, the phantom flies before them, and like a deluded vapour, courts their pursuit again. To a mind disposed to be happy, few events, however untoward, can give much affliction. The stroke of adversity is laid on for the wisest purposes; and, though for the moment painful, is generally productive of the most wholesome effects.

It behoves us not only to be satisfied, but to draw consolation from every situation in life. Happy is the labourer in the enjoyment of his hard-earn'd meat, as he feels those pleasing sensations which Health bestows, and

is entirely ignorant of the distate and loathing which pall the pamper'd appetite of the epicure. Stretched on his bed, the tired peasant falls into the arms of sleep, whilst the great, embarrassed, overcharged statesman, feels the downy pillow hard. Content in some men is constitutional; in others, philosophical; and, in a third sort, the effect of insensibility. The latter is well illustrated by an ingenious writer, who says he remembers to have seen a slave in a fortification in Flanders, who appeared no way touch'd with his situation. He was maimed, deformed, and chained; obliged to toil from the appearance of day till night-fall, and condemned to this for life; yet, with all these circumstances of apparent wretchedness, he sung,—would have danc'd, (but that he wanted a leg) and appeared the merriest and happiest man in the garrison. In this kind of content, it may be urg'd that there is but little merit.



CONSIDERATIONS ON LOVE.

LOVE, like Ambition, when properly conducted, leads to the most glorious actions; for it is only in depraved persons that Love is a vice. In vicious hearts it is a principle of much evil; but in great and refined souls it stimulates them to the most generous efforts. Thus every thing is to be feared or hoped from Love, and the essential point is a right choice of the object on which we suffer that passion to fall.

This choice is of the utmost importance to the fair, whose hearts are naturally so inclined to this passion. that they frequently give way to it without the least consideration. No sooner has Miss arrived at a slight knowledge of herself, than an intermediate tenderness arises in her heart, and to fix itself wants only an object. In their early years it produces those warm and tender connections, and all those little effusions of heart, which
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are observed in those in their teens ; but, when they enter on the world, they curiously view every thing around them.—The compliments paid them by men, and the pleasure of seeing themselves followed, disclose in them sentiments, the nature of which was unknown to them before, and their hearts soon declare for the man whom it seems most to approve.

It is much to be lamented that this happy person is usually the man who is most complaisant, and most forward. It is in Love as in Courts : instead of the worthiest carrying the prize, it generally falls to the most adulatory, and the most assiduous—qualities not always combined with true merit, which for want of them, often meets with a cold reception, as well from the Ladies as the Great. This preference, so inconsiderately bestowed, exposes women to the most unhappy mistakes, as the least deserving men are the most submissive, and the most watchful to serve them. They insinuate themselves under the appearance of an unreserved devotion, and thus soon become masters to their mistresses. They go still further ; for they sometimes become their tyrants, and bring the most painful grief on those to whom they had vowed perpetual obedience ; but perfidy usually treads on the heels of artifice and seduction.

The ladies must permit us to tell them, that they should reflect on their own conduct, before they utter their usual exclamations against the falsity of mankind. The cause lies in themselves, if they suffer themselves to be hurried away by coarse-spun snares (such are the constant attendants on adulation) ; who can they blame but themselves ? It must indeed be confessed, that there are some men determinately false and deceitful, who follow women only out of vanity ; but the mean adorations, and excessive complaisance by which they endeavour to please, should create a suspicion, and induce the ladies to reflect, that no

man, who intended to form an honourable connection, would attempt to fill the mind of the intended partner of his life with such ribaldry and nonsense.

That servile obsequiousness, which the ladies should always look upon as the certain mark of fraud, and make them cautious of an ungenerous design, is the very thing which allures them, and soon renders them the victims of perjury and inconstancy—the just punishment of a disposition, which fixes its inclinations on superficial qualities.

If we attentively enquire into the characters of those men, who boast among themselves of being conquerors of the fair sex, we shall find that they are generally very shallow creatures, and mere objects of ridicule and laughter. Amidst all the pride of dress, and airs equally affected, few of them have ever understanding enough to vary their impertinencies, one copying after another, and all using a low jargon of soft nonsense, and effeminate airs. These are the ingredients which make up what the ladies call a *pretty fellow* ; but it is a chance if such an one be not the reverse of a man of honour.

These are the assiduous followers of the ladies ; who have introduced an habitual gallantry, which borders on affectation and folly. Amidst this universal gallantry, it is true that engagements of preference may be formed, which are distinguished by the appellation of heart-felt connections.—But are there many of these connections in which the heart is really concerned ? The rapidity of their birth and extinction sufficiently denotes the contrary. They are only loose ties, formed for a time by the love of pleasure, and soon dissolved by caprice.—These frail ties, indeed, satisfy those women, who mind language more than sentiment, and are well enough suited to men who give up to the follies of a heated imagination.

We are not preaching up a platonic love; for that has been very justly ridiculed. The nature of love admits of no reserve; but its principal substance is sentiment, and its flame seldom lasts, if fed only by the fuel of sensuality. Every place affords a number of those pretty fellows, who, insinuating themselves into the ladies' favour, by the powerful recommendation of dress, politeness, and a smattering of wit, endeavour to banish their scruples, and extinguish in them all sense of virtue, and rule of conduct.—Women cannot be too much on their guard against these pestilential seducers, as, on account of their readiness to close with the ideas of those whom they like, their minds too often follow the bias of their hearts.

Mere love, detached from every other sentiment, is but a transient tie, gradually going out at the first familiarity with the object that kindled it: Never does it truly possess the soul, but when connected with a more solid sentiment. Love wastes and destroys itself, if not strengthened by a tender affection, felt only by the sensible and virtuous heart—an affection which luxury and voluptuousness have totally extinguished, to make room for an artifice which always leaves the heart void.

For love to be constant and lasting, it must enter into a close alliance with friendship, and from this coalition both sensations derive an additional force. Love becomes more solid, and friendship more tender: Thus their shafts, mutually sharpened by each other, are the more pointed. The alliance of such soft sensations, instead of depraving, must improve the heart. Two lovers of this kind are affectionate friends, full of reciprocal zeal and esteem; reserve and mistrust have no place with them; for a perfect harmony reigns in all their thoughts, emotions, and expressions. Instead of avoiding the indissoluble tie, their

only fear is left they should be separated.

A passion thus founded is no frivolous amusement, no pastime taken up from idleness or vanity. It possesses all the faculties—the mind, the heart, the imagination, the memory, the whole person, is agreeably warmed by it. It is the most weighty affair of human life. For a woman of delicate sentiments to bestow her heart, is, properly speaking, to give up her whole self; and surely she ought well to consider to whom she makes such a present.



The TWO HUSBANDS:

O R,

The Causes of Happiness or Discontent in the Matrimonial State.

THE object of every man is Happiness; but the permanency of earthly happiness not being the lot of humanity, entirely subverts the system of those who falsely imagine it is attainable here. There are, doubtless, certain degrees of it which naturally occur, according as each individual can meet the frowns of fortune with a serene, untroubled temper; and what can more conduce to this than that sweetness of mind which so generally characterizes and distinguishes the female sex? For they, with every little winning art, correct the petulant and acrimonious humour which a chain of unlucky events may occasion. In the arms of an affectionate wife we find refuge in every exigence; for she, with an honest sympathy, takes part in our affliction, and equally shares both our happiness or distress: In sickness she endeavours to soothe and assuage the tortures of disease, and employs every means in her power to restore us to our former health and cheerfulness. What has been said in commendation of the matrimonial state is not without exception; nor do we speak from experience; for too many, we fear, meet with

with a treatment diametrically opposite to this, the truth of which we shall beg leave to illustrate with a contrasted comparison of two persons, whom we shall call by the names of Adrastus and Philander.

Adrastus was brought up to business: Philander was born to a small estate. Adrastus, after travelling for experience and improvement, settled in a small but pleasant market-town in Yorkshire, where, proving successful, and considerably improving the little he had to begin with, he paid his addresses, and was married to the amiable Miss S —, a young lady of small fortune, but possessed of all those riches of the mind that constitute the affectionate wife, the tender mother, and the disinterested friend. Adrastus himself, a deserving character, and the pattern of honesty and plain dealing, lives in complete harmony with the partner of his bed, and Heaven has blessed them with two beautiful children, the happy produce of ten years uninterrupted love. Can we doubt that an union, founded on such principles as these, can fail of happiness? Certainly no. Was an honest and disinterested affection the stimulating motive and basis on which all our marriages were founded, we should hear of very few that proved unhappy.

Philander having received an education suitable to his rank, married a lady of a very large fortune, and, being of a narrow disposition, the desire of accumulating riches probably operated with greater strength than love. But, however that be, it is certain that ever since the celebration of their nuptials (exclusive of what is called the honey-moon) they have lived in a continual jarring and discontent.—Philander, though abounding in affluence, scarcely ever sits down to table with an unclouded brow; but what else can be expected from a contrariety of disposition? Nature has bestowed on his lady a gay, lively turn, which not coinciding with Philan-

der's scheme of mean, narrow economy, is the fatal cause of dissatisfaction and uneasiness. How different to this is the life of Adrastus? The stinting hand of frugality furnishes his table with decency and sufficiency, and withal that invaluable dish, which Philander is not able to purchase;—we mean content. A look of satisfaction is reciprocally exchanged between him and his wife, whilst the dear pledges of their love, like two olive branches, (the emblems of peace) grace their table with innocence, and crown their repast with thankfulness. Thus lives Adrastus, devoting every leisure hour his avocation allows, to the company of his wife and children; a state of earthly felicity that no one is able to describe but those that experience it. And now, ye fair, give us leave to address ourselves to you.

Let not the transient blaze of false alluring hopes eclipse your understandings, nor suffer yourselves to be carried away by the torrent of splendor, or misled by the gilding of equipage; for these, to the gay and unthinking part, have a thousand charms and incitements; but, too often, under all this penciled grandeur and magnificence, conceal the barbed arrow of discontent, which inflicts an incurable wound. Study not to aggrandise yourselves and family at the expence of happiness, for happiness in a moss-grown cot is preferable to all the honours transferred in the drawing-room without it. Let the man, on whom you place your affection, be prudent, sensible, and discerning; but chiefly (before you are united to him) lay aside all interested views, and weigh, in the scales of reason, the love you bear him; judge if his be equivalent to yours: If so, you need not doubt but it will answer your utmost expectation, and, when united, you will live with real satisfaction, and answer aright the end of matrimony.

[Univ. Mag.]

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ESSAY on the CHARACTERS of WOMEN.

I Think there was a quaint observation made by Mr. Pope, "That women have no *Characters* at all." This would have been a most extraordinary assertion indeed, if the same Poet had not afterwards further explained himself in the following distich :

Men some to Business, some to Pleasure take,
But every Woman is at Heart a Rake.

By this explanation it is easy to perceive what he had in view. He meant not to insinuate that Women are mere machines : far from it, for in such case, their husbands or relations might be expected easily to work them to their will. But our Satirist was fully assured, that the contrary of this was the truth : he therefore meant only to assert, that Women in general had *no* DISTINGUISHING Character, being so much governed by the love of Rule and of Pleasure, that all other passions were swallowed up in them, and that these alone gave a tincture to their lives and actions. To illustrate this more fully, our readers are presented with the portrait of two young Females, and some of the adventures which they experienced in life ; by which they may the better judge of the truth of the maxim that I have above taken notice of.

Melinda and Flavilla were sisters ; and, being descended from the same stock, had the same expectations in life ; which were at length fulfilled by the death of their parents, and both left at their own disposal, possessed of small but independent fortunes. Melinda had generally been remarkable for a grave turn of mind, and a behaviour rather prudish ; whilst, on the contrary, Flavilla was lively and gay, and had even levity which extended to Coquetry. The extremes of their characters were such, that they could never agree, and Melinda was constantly the subject of railery to her younger sister.

With such different turns of mind, neither of them was without her particular suitors. The grave amongst them generally addressed themselves to Melinda, whilst the gay were admirers of Flavilla ; yet amongst all these, so seemingly suited to their tempers, neither could fix upon one whom she thought proper to accept for a husband. The elder sister generally found

that her serious admirers were likely to controul her when in a married state, while the younger too plainly perceived that she should share but little pleasure with those who were fond of engrossing so much to themselves, and would be apt to find other companions in dissipation. While the Ladies were swayed by such considerations, their Suitors, like those of Penelope, were for ever conceiving fresh hopes, which were as often disappointed. But when most of these were wearied with the vain pursuit, two Characters entered the lists, that appeared the least likely of all to succeed, as each of them was the very opposite to her whom he chose for the object of his addresses.

The first of these was Sobrinus, a man possessed of wealth, who was past his prime of life, and was remarkable for his serious deportment : he courted the smiles of Flavilla ; while Myrtillo, a gay young spark, who was all life and vivacity, paid his addresses to Melinda. All the circle of their acquaintance laughed, at first, at such an extraordinary humour, and foretold no good success could ever attend such Lovers. But they were soon surprized to find that each had made great progress in his mistress's affections ; nay, that the tempers of the Ladies were apparently changed in conformity to their Lovers. This to the world appeared absurd enough ; but when two private friends took the liberty of observing upon it to the two Sisters :

"Can you be astonished (said Melinda) that I have pitched upon Myrtillo, who has youth, beauty, fortune, and person, to recommend him ? It is objected that my temper is grave, while his is gay.—Be it so ;—then have I the more occasion for his gaiety to correct my serious turn ; so that both together may constitute that variety which is the very soul of Pleasure."

"And as for me, (said Flavilla) it is matter of wonder that I should have chosen a man of more mature years, whose fortune is so ample as Sobrinus's, and who, if he possesses none of the accomplishments of youth, is divested also of its wildness ; and is so far from being proud of his years, that he deems them a defect, in consequence of which he is ready to submit implicitly to my Rule and Direction."

While these two Ladies reasoned thus, they thought proper, it seems, to consult an

their natural tempers, in order the more effectually to engage their Lovers. The success corresponded to their wishes. They both were married; and having secured the ascendancy over their Husbands, both returned soon to their natural tempers again, which they had only laid aside for a time to gratify those ruling passions in a Female Breath, the love of pleasure, and the love of sway.

[West. Mag.]

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MEMOIRS of DR. GRANGER,
Author of the SUGAR-CANE, and other
excellent Compositions.

THIS ingenious gentleman was a native of Scotland, and educated at one of her universities. By his compositions, he appears to have been well learned in the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages.

By profession Mr. Granger was a surgeon, and served some campaigns in that capacity in the army; but he left the fatigue of such a situation to be a tutor and companion to Mr. Bourryeau, the son of an eminent West-India merchant, with whom he travelled into France and Italy, and for which he was allowed two hundred pounds a year, besides all his expences. This was a situation highly pleasing to the mind and situation of Mr. Granger, who had so happy an opportunity of treading upon classic ground at so easy a rate.

Mr. Bourryeau was born to a very large estate in England and in the island of St. Kitt's. He studied at Cambridge, and being an excellent scholar, received great honours for his extensive knowledge of the Latin tongue.

Whether or not that Cambridge became a favourite of his from being the place of his education, we know not; but he was always so prepossessed in favour of that city, that he ever afterwards professed a strong inclination to represent it in Parliament; but his constitution not being of the stoutest, and his health rather declining than improving, made him determine, after the war in 1763, to seek a Southern climate, which agreed better with his disposition and inclination.

He therefore determined, when the Grenada isles were ceded to England, to make

some considerable purchases upon them, to reside on his paternal estate in St. Christopher's, and to visit them occasionally to cultivate and improve them.

These schemes Mr. Bourryeau pursued with a most unremitting alacrity, and confirmed the purchases which he made to be the most valuable in those isles: but perhaps his ardent attention to the dressing and planting of these new lands, might be the cause of his death; for he died there in the year 1771, universally regretted, and left behind him a considerable estate to his family.

Upon Mr. Bourryeau's voyage to the Caribbee islands, Dr. Granger attended him. There were many vessels in the convoy, and on board of one was a lady of St. Kitt's, with her daughter, who were going passengers to that island. The mother being taken ill, requested the attendance of the Doctor to her complaints, which he most readily complied with; and by skill and great attention healed her wound; but he received one of a more incurable nature from her daughter:

"*Hei mihi, quod nullis amor est medicabilis
herbis!*"

"O cruel Love, which herb nor drug will
heal!"

In short, the Doctor was so severely finitened with the charms of this Sea Nymph, that in spite of every remonstrance on the part of Mr. Bourryeau, he married the lady immediately, upon his landing at St. Kitt's.

A conjugal state naturally brought some sober reflections to Mr. Granger's mind; and therefore he resolved to practise his profession, which he did with great success; and as his lady gave very early signs of an advanced pregnancy, the pursuit of the study of Physic promised him, more probably, an independency, than a dependence on the smiles of his Patron.

Mrs. Granger now bore him a daughter, which he had but too many reasons to be convinced was not his own. This unhappy circumstance created ten thousand fears, doubts, and jealousies; which made his unhappy Muse repine after the independent acres of England, and the social, sensible converse of Dr. Samuel Johnson, Mr. Shenstone, and Mrs. Lenox, whom he had left behind, and with whom he had

been

been very intimate, and upon a most friendly footing.

As vice is of such an unguarded nature, that it rather emboldens than shames or deters, and spreads over the human mind like a blazing fire to dry combustibles, which are scarcely touched but consumed; so did the vicious imprudencies of Mrs. Granger hurry her from one degree of intemperate sensuality to another: and becoming now no longer secret in her amours, she made him, alas! the unhappy observer of his own dishonour.

Stabbed and wounded in the most sensible part of the soul, he left the West Indies full of chagrin and despair, and bent his dejected mind, and faltering steps, to his own native country, where, alas! he gave himself up the prey of Grief and Anguish.

It was not long before this abandoned woman pursued him with letters of reproach, together with bills to support and discharge those debts her unprincipled passions had made her contract: those last, however, his rage, contempt, and necessities, obliged him to reject and protest.

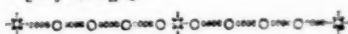
It was not long after this period, that his elder brother died, and left him 5,000*l.* but which came too late to heal those cares, and check that gangrene and rapid mortification of the soul, which his wife's conjugal incontinence had brought upon him. Murdered by a poisonous bosom snake, and devoured by affliction, he resigned his life at the age of forty years—a melancholy instance of the power of a vicious woman over the glorious sensations of an exalted mind.

Dr. Granger was a man of innate modesty and reserve, and his friends were always indebted to the inspiring juice of the grape to make him to throw off the *mauvais honte*, so prejudicial to his own merit: for when warmed with the enlivening power of the true *Falernian*, in spite of a broad provincial dialect, he was extremely pleasing in his conversation.

He was tall, and of a lathy make; plain-featured, and deeply marked with the small-pox; his eyes were quick and keen; his temper generous and good-natured. He was an able man in the knowledge of his profession; and had he not unhappily

wed so vile a woman, would have given many more ingenious compositions to the world.

[*West. Mag.*]



ENQUIRY whether LEARNING is conducive to VIRTUE.

A Question has been started among some of the geniuses of our age, Whether, of all the books which have been written with a moral view, any of them have really had any efficacy? Considered only in a speculative light, it may seem extraordinary that such a doubt should arise; but when we extend the argument a little further, and take a view of the practice of mankind in these enlightened times, it will no longer be matter of wonder that such a dispute should arise; since with all the advantages they possess, they are far from being either wiser or better than their ancestors.

Above all things, it is remarkable how many persons of real education and seemingly refined understanding adopt the most absurd conduct in private, and act as the professed votaries either of folly or of absolute wickedness.

We have, indeed, many persons of great abilities, and some of them in a distinguished rank of life, who, while they command respect at their morning levees, engage in such scenes at night, as the most ignorant among mankind might be ashamed of.

Cast but your eyes on Lord S— and Lord W—, and you will quickly see this observation verified. First view them in their cooler hours, and you will deem them to be ranked amongst the most respectable of men; survey them invested with the honours of office, and you will own that they support them with becoming dignity; but trace them yet a little farther, attend them in their hours of relaxation, and you will find them hours of dissipation, in which they sacrifice their better reason at the shrine of monstrous and gigantic folly.

Nor is the learned world free from instances of this kind, which are but too frequent among the professed reformers of the morals of others, who in their privacy are too apt to forget paying a due attention to their own, and by their example contradict every lesson which their precepts have served to inculcate.

It were well if we could boast that those

who exercise the most sacred functions were all entirely free from such charges; but it is too serious a truth that they are not; and to omit mentioning those who live in an open and scandalous contempt of their order, and a breach of every point of decorum that it is expected they should observe, even passing by these, there are others of the same holy profession who adopt, when they suppose themselves shrouded under the veil of secrecy, a behaviour that I shall here forbear to dwell upon, any farther than to observe, that in these cases their conduct ill agrees with their professions.

But there are other characters which, having nothing so sacred as the ecclesiastical function to shield them, have yet set themselves up in such a point of view as to be generally esteemed men possessed of talents and inclination sufficient to inculcate virtue and wisdom, and who ever affect so to do in their conversation and writings: when these depart from their own rules, and lay aside virtue and decency, they become justly contemptible to all who are acquainted with their conduct, and are certainly the proper subjects of a well-pointed satire.

The Earl of C—— is one of these: he is endowed with a good natural genius, much improved by learning. He is ever standing forth in public as an advocate for virtue. In all such of his conversations as are likely to be communicated, he ever appears also as a man of taste, sentimental feeling, sensibility, and a just refinement of manners.

Yet, in the midst of all these professions, what is his lordship, when the circling glass has warmed his heart, and he retires to enjoy his own private pleasures? He then shews how little he regards the practice of virtue, which he would at other times be thought so much to regard. He now withdraws to a set of dissolute companions, and countenances them in their worse than idle pursuits: he is paying his addresses to a very amiable young lady; yet in these hours of dissipation he is not ashamed to abandon himself to the arms of prostitutes, and join with some of the most debauched when they celebrate their nightly orgies.

Though he is still ever careful to preserve his apparent love of virtue and reputation; yet the hazard he runs of losing his character, added to that of injuring his health and fortune, are not, when all put together, sufficient to restrain his passions; though he is certainly possessed of every

strength of reason sufficient to keep him within due bounds, if he would but make a proper exertion of it. What can such men be said to be the better for the books they have read? Of what great use is the instruction which they have acquired from them?

Since the other Sex have taken to Reading, what good effect has it had upon them? Are our women improved in virtue and delicacy, in proportion as they are supposed to be so in understanding?—What shall we say of those who may have been supposed to have the greatest advantages of this kind? How few of them can be held forth as patterns of virtue? Too many, alas! have marked themselves of a cast sufficiently contrary.

Mariana was the daughter of a tradesman in the west of England, who was but in declining circumstances: she was not only very handsome, but was also remarkable for her modest and virtuous deportment, and seemed to be possessed of a kind of natural simplicity, which stood in the place of the refinements of education, but was accompanied with a greater simplicity. She was respected by all who knew her; yet her want of fortune was an obstacle sufficient to prevent an advantageous match; till getting into the family of an old lady of quality, in the station of waiting-maid, her ladyship's son, an amorous Baronet, fell in love with her; and being unable to obtain the possession of her person in any other way, made her his wife, with the consent of his mother, who owned that she admired her behaviour, and had great hopes that she would make amends for her want of rank and fortune by her future conduct in the marriage state.

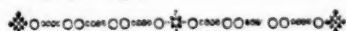
But it was now thought necessary that Mariana should be made perfect in all female accomplishments. Accordingly, masters being provided for her, she soon ran through the usual forms of what is termed a *polite* education; and after her marriage, having imbibed a desire of still further improvement, she for some time applied herself seriously to reading, and at length became proud of appearing the Patroness of Learning. It was not long before she was courted by the various professors of it; and this appeared to be the summit of her happiness.

But while she was making these literary advances,

advances, she was far from improving in any real virtue. It was observable, that she began to lose that sweet delicacy,—that charming timidity, which had once formed the most agreeable part of her character;—for these were now looked upon as marks of rusticity. In process of time, her new Ladyship arrived at still greater degrees of perfection; for she now began to slight her husband, and, as it mostly happens, she terminated her career by injuring him in the tenderest point. The once modest Mariana is now become the libertine Lady —, who having dispensed her favours rather too carelessly, has been detected by Sir John in a criminal correspondence; and a separation having since taken place, she has so far prevailed upon the foolish fondness of her husband, as to secure a settlement, by which she is enabled to enjoy life in her way, and to continue a votary of pleasure.

I do not mean, however, to decide the question in the negative; but I think we may fairly conclude, that learning and understanding are too little used as incentives to virtue, and that great abilities are too often abused to the purposes of vice and immorality.

[*West. Mag.*]



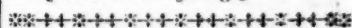
THE GOLDEN NAIL.

An ALCHEMICAL ANECDOTE.

THURNISSEKUS, a man of infinite whim and madness, was the author of some works which sufficiently prove that his natural temper was not much to be relied on. The story of his golden nail is curious. Having worked away his fortune in alchymy, and finding his schemes vain, he had a mind at once to get into the service of a certain prince, and to establish a character of himself to all the world, as if possessed of the grand alchemical secret.—To this purpose he declared, that he had found out a liquor which would immediately convert all metals plunged into it into gold. The prince, the nobility of the place, and all the *literati*, were invited to see the experiment; and the chemist having prepared a large nail, the half of which was iron, and the other half gold, well joined together, coated over the gold part with a thin crust of iron, which he joined so nicely to the rest of the iron, that no eye could discover the fallacy. Having this ready, he

placed his vessel of liquor on the table, which was no other than common *aqua fortis*. Then, sending to a shop for some nails of the same kind, he, by an easy kind of legerdemain, when he had desired the company to examine them, and see that they were real nails, took out his own, and after turning it about before the company, plunged it half way into the liquor; a hissing and bubbling noise arose, and the *aqua fortis* immediately dissolved, and washed off the iron coat, and the gold appeared. The nail was handed round to the whole company, and finally delivered to the Prince, in whose cabinet it now remains. The gold maker was desired to dip more nails, and other things, but he immediately threw away the liquor, telling them they had seen enough. He was made happy for the rest of his life; but all the intreaties in the world could never get him to make any more gold.

[*Town & Country Mag.*]



The FASHIONS of TOWN;

Or, the *Countryman's Visit to the Metropolis.*

SOME little time ago, my curiosity led me to visit the great city of London.—My friends there received me with a cordial welcome, superior to any idea I could have formed; and I found, that even the multiplicity of their connections did not exclude them from exercising a proper hospitality to their friends, nor from sharing in the fashionable amusements of the place. But it was thought necessary, in order to qualify ME for accompanying them, that I should throw aside my rustic dress, and by changing it for that of the London taste, make myself look like a human being.

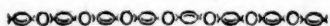
Accordingly, a taylor, a hatter, and a shoemaker were recommended, and having taken the dimensions of my head, my body, and my feet, produced what was judged the necessary apparel for this purpose.

When the thing called a hat was taken out of the box, I insisted upon it Mr. Beaver had made a mistake, and brought me the hat of a child just breeched. He assured me he had not, and putting it on, declared, he never saw any thing fit better; but looking in the glais, I found it only *lay* upon my head, and afforded me neither warmth nor protection from rain.—My taylor brought me what I thought was a position's jacket, the sleeves of which were so tight, that

that I could scarcely bend my arms; but Mr. Buckram very politely told me, that he was extremely happy in having hit off my shape to such a nicety.—My shoes were out in the same scanty taste, and I might as well have gone bare-footed, had not their peaked toes made me think I had got on my sister's holiday pumps.

I was not yet humanized; for the *friseur* had not yet given me his operation. I sat under his care for above three quarters of an hour, and was then pronounced completely dressed. But when I got up, and viewed my own figure in the glass, I was terrified at the appearance I made, and fancied myself more like the monkey who had seen the world, than any human being.—I was too much provoked, to suffer any of this finical dress to remain about me; but instantly destroyed the toupee, knocked out the curls, cut away the club, threw off my coat, demolished my hat, kicked off my shoes without much trouble, and then resumed my proper dress, resolving never to make a monkey of myself, to please any man whatever.

[*Town & Country Mag.*]



EFFECTS of GALLANTRY.

IT is an extraordinary, but a very serious truth, that an abuse of words is sometimes made instrumental to an abuse of morals. That it should be so, seems absurd enough; yet we only need advert to the word Gallantry, to determine that it really is so. The true meaning of this word, as it ought to be understood, is, no doubt, sufficiently known; but according to the modern dictionary of the times, it appears to mean—the seducing indiscriminately either married women or virgins, and, if need be, cutting throats with a good grace.

Hence proceed the many ruinous intrigues that have been carried on with the daughters of private families, who have been undone by their credulity; and hence the number of divorces which fill the scandalous chronicle of the times.

The man who seduces a virgin by false pretences, and laying snares for her virtue; and who, when his end is obtained, abandons her to misery and infamy; notwithstanding all his pretensions to gallantry, is worse than a highwayman:—And the man who dares, in opposition to all laws human

and divine, to tempt a married woman from her duty, to alienate her affections from her husband, and to violate the sanctity of the marriage-bed, is little, if at all, better than a murderer, and deserves a similar treatment.

But he who can commit either or both of these enormities, and dares to *justify* them, as it is termed, by meeting in the field the person he has injured, is worse than a murderer and a savage: and was the utmost severity of the law to fall upon him, he would be far from receiving the punishment due to his crimes.

Yet all this—and even more, if more can be—is perfectly compatible with the spirit of a Man of Gallantry; nay, all this is generally expected from him, if he acts up to that character. It is, in short, his constant practice to accumulate infamy, which he has the audacity to pass off as gallantry; and he would think himself authorised to call any one to a strict account, who should question his honour, though he is violating it every day.

What must we think of such a wretch? is it not criminal to *approve* of such a conduct?—yet, that this is too much the case, common experience evinces. These Men of Gallantry are admitted into all companies, and even distinguished by females of reputation on account of their *spirit*, as it is termed; and thus are countenanced from that very quarter, where they ought to meet with the greatest discouragement. It would be well, if, instead of such treatment, these gentry were excluded from the general conversation of society, until they had learnt a proper reformation of their manners, nor suffered to infect the circles of the polite and virtuous with a shew of such gallantry, as is only calculated for the sphere of Covent Garden.

Wherever there is a chaste virgin, she ought to shun the company of these men, as she would a contagious disorder;—she should avoid every kind of connection with them, however seemingly innocent; as being convinced, that whatever appearance such men may put on, in order to serve their particular purpose, her ruin is their principal aim; and that if any encouragement is given them, they will betray her first, and expose her afterwards.

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As to married women, strictly speaking, it is scarcely blameless in them to listen to what otherwise might be deemed only innocent trifling. But barely to admit one of these gallants to her company, is to forfeit her claim to reputation, if not to virtue.—Can any one suppose, if it had not been for this absurd prejudice in favour of gallantry, that so many females who stood conspicuous in high life, would at once have sacrificed their virtue and conscience, and become a prey to loose desires? We had not else heard of the crimes of a Gr—v—r, a L—g—r, or a C—v—n, which flaunt it in the face of day, together with others, (tho' not so public, yet not less certain) which disgrace the characters of the present age.

In effect, then, it appears, that this spirit of gallantry is one of the worst that ever appeared in this country; and amongst all our changes of fashion, the best that could be adopted would be, a total exclusion of this destructive custom.

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The MONTHLY TETE-A-TETE;

OR, MEMOIRS OF

Commodore B—n and Miss G—n.

THE gentleman, whose memoirs we now enter upon, is the brother of a noble lord, whom an accident made very conspicuous some years ago. A dispute concerning the game occasioned an altercation, in which his antagonist urged the dispute so far, that he fell a victim to his own rashness. The affair was canvassed before a great tribunal, and he was most honourably acquitted.

The hero of this history having at a very early period testified his inclination for a maritime life, he obtained the rank of midshipman on board a man of war, in A—n's expedition to the South Seas, where he underwent incredible hardships, an account of which he favoured the public with some years ago, and gradually rose to the rank of Com—re, having in every station displayed his courage, skill, and intrepidity.

What has made him still more distinguished by the public, is his late voyage to the South Seas, in search of undiscovered countries, in which he proved himself an able navigator, and a judicious commander. We cannot suppose that in the course

of three years absence from his native country, the spirit of discovery precluded every other desire, or that the females of the southern hemisphere (many of whom are described as beautiful and attracting) did not excite those passions in our hero, which have so often agitated him at home. We find that the queens and princesses of the islands he discovered, were ever partial to Englishmen; and we may reasonably suppose the Com—re did not escape their notice; and that nature and politeness prompted him to return their civilities.

In the course of his voyage, we find him upon every occasion supporting the honour of the British flag, and his own importance; two objects that an English commander should never lose sight of. At the same time he testified great humanity towards the natives of those countries where he landed; and though he made some of the greatest discoveries of this century, he scarce shed any human blood, in taking possession of those territories.

If we take a view of the life of our hero in his private character, we shall find it equally amiable; and, allowing for the frailties of human nature, in almost every point unexceptionable. Emulous even in his youth for bravery, he let no opportunity escape of being a candidate for it. Whilst at school he was the champion of his class, and signalized himself as a Broughtonian upon many occasions; but the event of an amorous connexion with his bed-maker precipitated his departure from thence, and in some degree prompted him to that course of life, in which he afterwards shone with so much lustre. He was at this time only seventeen, and being appointed to a ship then at Portsmouth, he repaired thither.

After a short stay at Portsmouth, he sailed upon a cruise, and in a few weeks came into Plymouth. Here he made acquaintance with an officer's widow, who had a peculiar affection for young gentlemen training to the sea-service. He lodged and boarded with her, and found every convenience that good-nature and condescension could procure. This lady, indeed, so far gained an ascendancy over him, that she obtained a promise of marriage from him; but the ship fortunately sailing before the time appointed for their nuptials, he escaped the snare that was laid

for

for him. New objects created new ideas, and he forgot his charming widow, and intended bride, in the arms of a beautiful Italian at Leghorn.

At the close of the war in 1748, having quitted the sea, and being honourably united to a most amiable lady, he retired from the bustle of the world to rural tranquillity. This sylvan life agreed extremely well with his constitution and disposition, and health with contentment crowned his days.

On the breaking out of the war in 1756, his duty called him again from a rural life. The fate of Admiral Byng now stimulated almost every officer to exert his utmost ardour and bravery. Our hero, indeed, required no such instigation; naturally courageous, he only wanted opportunities of testifying his valour: many occurred, and he was happy in evincing he was worthy of the commission he bore.

The war again closed, and a rural life again engaged his attention. Under his roof hospitality incessantly reigned, and he was never so happy as when he saw his table surrounded by a number of guests, who did honour to his repast. His liberality was indeed unbounded, and his clemency kept pace with his generosity. As a proof of this assertion, we shall relate an anecdote that may be relied on.

Some time since, the Com—e had a housekeeper, who was entrusted with money to pay the tradesmen's monthly bills; but instead of applying the cash to its destined use, she appropriated it to her own. At length the secret was discovered, and he found himself considerably in debt, at a time that he thought he did not owe a single penny. However, instead of inflicting the severity of justice, he only compelled her to sell a considerable quantity of superfluous fine cloaths, which she had purchased, to pay in part the debts which she had not duly liquidated. He then turned her adrift, and gave her some good advice for her future conduct.

About this period, his lady engaged for her chambermaid the beautiful Betty G—n, the heroine of these pages. Her father was a farmer in the neighbourhood, who had given her the best education the village could afford, and had improved a good understanding by reading and conversation

with the better sort of females in the parish. Her most constant companion was the curate's daughter, who had received a polite education, and lent Betty her father's books for her improvement. When she had attained her eighteenth year, it was necessary she should go out to service, and no place could be more suitable to her than that of the Com—e's lady. She soon initiated herself into her mistress's good graces, and presently became so great a favourite, that she was more a companion than a servant. This familiarity introduced her often to the Com—e's company, and her behaviour and conversation were so different from the common run of rustics, that had her personal charms been much inferior to what they were, she should have made a great impression upon the susceptible heart of our hero.

The Com—e soon experienced the effects of Betty's charms; and as he had frequent opportunities of being alone with her, he urged his suit so forcibly, that he soon prevailed upon her to comply with his request. This correspondence was carried on for a considerable time without any suspicion; but at length Betty's evil stars prevailed, and her mistress detected her in bed with her master. The consequence was, as naturally may be imagined, she was immediately dismissed her lady's service—but the Com—e had experienced her merits, and judged she was too valuable a domestic to be entirely discarded. In a word, he sent her to town, engaged lodgings for her in King-street, Golden-square, where he constantly visited her. His lady, having some suspicion that Betty still continued a favourite of her husband, dogged him to this retreat, and made such a discovery as made it necessary for him to remove Betty's lodging. He took an apartment for her in an obscure part of the new buildings, near Marybone, where she now resides, and where our hero still pays her his constant visits.

Several overtures have been made to her from various quarters—but she has rejected considerable sums of money for temporary gratifications, and even settlements; so that she may be pronounced the faithful, as well as the pretty Betty G—n.

[*Town & Country Mag.*]

LIFE of a STROLLING PLAYER.

AS I was sauntering, a few days ago, in one of the public walks, I could not help particularly remarking a young man, whose dress shewed marks of a shabby gentility, and whose countenance wore the aspect of a fitted melancholy.

The appearance of wretchedness, in whatever situation, is always sufficient to awaken my curiosity. I felt myself irresistibly impelled to enquire into the history of a person who seemed to be completely miserable. After having walked a considerable time, I perceived him throw himself, in a disconsolate attitude, on one of the seats of the walk. I did not neglect the opportunity; but seating myself by his side, prevailed on him, after some introductory conversation, to give me his history, which he did in the following words:

"Yes, Sir, (said he) though my present appearance may seem to invalidate my assertion, I assure you I am the son of one of the most opulent traders in the metropolis. I might at this time have been enjoying all the happiness that affluence can bestow; but now, alas! I have no where to lay my head, no refuge to which I can fly for comfort. I am abandoned to the wide world, without a friend; and one consideration aggravates my misery—I have deserved my sufferings, and cannot justly complain."

Here he paused to conceal a tear which was just bursting from his eyes. After he had a little recovered himself, his countenance gradually grew more serene, and he proceeded with less emotion.

"When I was at the age of eleven, my father placed me at a celebrated grammar-school in the south west part of Kent, which is still remarkable for the excellence of its discipline, and the unwearied attention of its superintendent. There I spent the happiest days of my life. Nature had given me parts; I made a rapid progress in classical learning; all was encouragement, all was hope, and all was happiness. But in the midst of my improvements, my father resolved, in opposition to the advice of my master, to remove me from school, and to settle me in his own accounting-house. My tutor urged, that though I might perhaps succeed in a learned profession, yet the vivacity of my disposition would be an obstacle to my preferment in a mercantile employment. My father,

sensible of the advantages of an established trade, was deaf to the remonstrances of my amiable mother; and on a fatal day I entered into engagements to plod at the desk and the counter for seven years.

"But nature is not to be constrained by indentures. Instead of casting up sums, and measuring ellis, I employed my time in the perusal of Shakspeare, in composing epilogues and farces, and in disputing the merits of every new dramatic production. Instead of spending my evenings in posting accounts, and examining my ledger, I was always attending the performances of a Foote or a Garrick. At length, by constantly frequenting the play-houses, and mixing with contemptible scholiasts, who called themselves critics, I became so enamoured of the stage, as to look upon dramatic entertainments as the most important business, and the most agreeable enjoyments of human life. The shop continually re-founded with my rants, in imitation of some favourite actor; and I went so far as to treat with the purchasers of a yard of Irish with a theatrical tone, and a dramatic action.

"I had so great an opinion of my own talents, that, like the immortal Shakspeare, I was ambitious of shining both as an actor and a writer. Accordingly I finished a comedy with great care and pains, and presented it to one of the managers, who, after much insolent treatment, returned it upon my hands, with evident marks of contempt. By no means dejected, I was resolved to try my success as an actor. But after having, with great difficulty, obtained permission to speak before the managers, and a circle of their friends, who seemed to enjoy my distress, I was again rejected with all the haughtiness of tyranny.

"Though I could not succeed at the theatres, I was resolved to exert my oratorical abilities at spouting and disputing clubs. And here, indeed, I easily made a conspicuous figure; as I had the advantage of a classical education, and as most of my competitors had the *advantage* of no education at all. The most important topics of religion, learning, and politics I discussed with more volubility than the gravest prelate, the profoundest academic, or the craftiest statesman. But I triumphed as it were, without an enemy, and the ta-

cility of the conquest diminished the pleasure of it. I soon became weary of dry augmentation, and eagerly panted to wear the buskin, and to mouth the sonorous periods of some tragic bard.

"It happened that I had formed a connection with a young member of the club, whose genius was entirely similar to my own, and who had been engaged with a strolling company of players. He had often solicited me to go with him on an acting tour into the north of England; and I had as often refused, from a principle of pride. But at length my ardent desire of exhibiting on a stage overcame every regard to duty, and every compunction of conscience. In a fatal hour (I blush to mention it) I embezzled a sum of money with which I was trusted in the course of business, packed up my cloaths, and privately left my father's house, in order to accompany a set of vagabonds, who, like myself, had abandoned every reputable occupation, and devoted themselves to infamy and indigence for the sake of enjoying the plaudits of a few rustics assembled in a barn.

"And now commences the æra of all my misery. The money I had fraudulently taken from a parent, was soon squandered away in a society of thoughtless mortals, who regarded not to-morrow, if they could feast to-day. We were, indeed, received with applause; but the audience was commonly so scanty, that the expences of representation often exceeded the receipts. In every town we were looked upon with suspicion, and treated as vagrants. We were sometimes reduced to such extremities, by the expences of travelling, and the losses of acting to empty barns, that we wanted even food to support nature. Above charity, we could not be relieved, and destitute of credit, we could not be trusted. At length I saw my folly, and after various resolves, sent a friend to enquire whether my father was disposed to receive me, should I return and confess my fault. How, alas! was I struck, when I was told in answer, that my father died a few days ago of a broken heart; and that his death was so sudden, that he had not time to alter his will, in which, in the first rage after his discovery of my elopement, he had cut me off with a shilling.

"It is impossible to give you an adequate idea of my grief on this occasion, and I shall only inform you, that it would have proved fatal, had it not been soon removed by emotions of a different kind.—During my indisposition, one of the actresses of our company, whose beauty is only exceeded by the goodness of her heart, watched me with all the anxiety of a parent, and soothed me under the horrors of despair with the softest blandishments of tenderness. I soon felt a flame kindling in my breast, which was answered by a sympathetic passion. In short, I was no sooner restored to health and vigour, than I married the lovely Emily; we have now been united near a year, and yesterday she was safely delivered of twins. That she is well, thank heaven; but, alas! the reflection that I am destitute of all the means that can give her ease, or provide for her offspring, sharpens all the darts of ill fortune, and embitters every woe."

Here he stopped, and I was obliged to leave him, after having given him an invitation to my house, where I hope to be able to alleviate his misfortunes, without hurting his sensibility. But I cannot help expressing my wish, that all those not acquainted with his history, who, deluded by a heated imagination, feel themselves inclined to quit the comforts of a parent and a home, in pursuit of a profession which is prohibited by law, and which constantly entails on its followers misery and disgrace, may receive a proper impression from this narrative.

[*Town and Country Mag.*]

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*The humble PETITION of EPITHETS,
to the Editors of the MAGAZINES.*

Honourable and Erudite Gentlemen,

WITH the most profound veneration we humbly address you, and beg leave to lay our deplorable case before you, secretly hoping, that in your great wisdom you will give us a free, fair, full, and patient hearing; and kindly condescend graciously to grant us that pleasing redress we submissively crave at your learned and scientific hands.

We have for some time past had infinite reason

reason to fear that our *acceptable* reception amongst persons of *fine* taste, and *sublime* genius, was *increasingly* declining. Some of our *inveterate* enemies, such as the *chaste* Melmoth, the *elegant* Dr. Robertson, the *sententious* Hume, the *nervous* Ferguson, the *judicious* Dean Tucker, and the *argumentative* Beattie, have *almost* quite banish'd us from their *simple*, *unadorned* pages. These *self-sufficient* authors despise our *friendly* assistance; and, in their *naked* writings, comply literally with the restriction given to evidences in courts of *public* judicature, in "*telling the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.*" The *neglectful* treatment we have *unhappily* met with from these, and several others, who once *kindly* accepted our *ready* offices with thanks, *clearly* convinces us of that *ungrateful* ingratitude with which we are treated by some whose *barren* pages we formerly supported.

With *grievous* sorrow, and the most *forrowful* grief, we *deeply* deplore our *forlorn* fate, and *secretly* mourn, in *melancholy* musings, o'er the *pious* memory of our late *much-valued* and *kind* friend the Rev. Mr. Hervey. He approved us, valued us, called in our *friendly* aid in every *lulling*, every *flowing* line—*flowing* *tuneful* as the voice of *solemn* song—*lulling*, as the *listless* lay of *drowsy* insipidity.

From the *great*, the *essential*, the *eminent* share we had in filling up the *tuneful* pages of his *impulsive* writings, we began to look upon ourselves, (and many *young*, *unexperienced* writers looked upon us) *essentially* necessary to all authors. Numbers of those *ephemeron* *literati*, who feebly flutter in the *mild* morning, droop at *sultry* noon, and die with the *chilling* damps of *cold* evening, on the *direful* day of publication, became our *fast* friends. We *triduously* toiled for them with *close*, *unremitting* assiduity, and sometimes *cruelly* crowded in a *lame* line we had scarcely room to breathe: many a *wide* space have we *kindly* filled up, which, without our *friendly* aid, the writer must have left a *perfect* vacuum. Our services at length became so *conspicuously* eminent, that for a *short* series of *revolving* years, every *thrumping* muse, and *addle-brain'd* authorling, without any muse at all, *constantly* courted us with *arduous* solicitude; *freely* confessing, that without

our *kind* aid, they were unable to furnish either *tuneful* odes, *pioufly-dull* meditations, *sententious* essays, *sublime* contemplations, or *moral* reflections on any subject whatsoever. But alas! the *short-lived* scene is changed. Since our above-mentioned *cruel*, *inveterate*, and *relentless* enemies have turned us out of their *popular* service, many other *able* adventurers of the quill look shy upon, and *shamefully* neglect us; so that now, like the *half-starv'd* Spitalfields weaver, we are most of us out of employment. In order to effect our *sudden* reinstatement into our former *respectable* situation in the *illustrious* works of *learned* authors, we most *humbly*, *solicitously*, and *passionately* crave, that you will give us all *due* and *generous* encouragement, by adjudging premiums to those *kind* correspondents who shall crowd the *greatest* number of us into their poems, essays, or other *lullaby* lucubrations: and your *increasing* success shall be the *constant*, *uniform*, *ardent*, *unceasing* prayer of,

Your useful friends,
and humble petitioners,

EPIETHETS.



Curious FACTS and ANECDOTES.

IT is to the luxury of the old Romans that we owe many of the delicacies that now abound in Europe. Lucullus, when he returned from the Mithridatic war, introduced cherries the first time into Italy, from Cerasus, a city near Sinope, on the Euxine sea. There were also brought into Italy, about this period, many other curiosities of fruits, flowers, and plants, from Greece, Asia, and Africa; apricots from Epirus, peaches from Persia, the finest sorts of plumbs from Damascus and Armenia, pears and figs from Greece and Egypt, citrons from Media, and pomegranates from Carthage. All these were soon brought to perfection in Italy.

Turkey or Guinea cocks were brought first into England in the 15th of Hen. VIII. It was much about the same time that pip-pins were brought from beyond sea by Leonard Mascall of Plumsted in Suffex. In 1578 apricots were brought from Italy; and that country also gave England melon seeds in the reign of James I. About the same period, the large fine pale gooseberry was brought from Flanders, with sallads and cabbages.

cabbages. It was not till the era of the Restoration that asparagus, artichokes, lemons, oranges, and cauliflowers, were known in England.

It is somewhat remarkable, that Queen Elizabeth was the first person in England who wore silk stockings. They were presented to her by a Mrs. Montague; and thenceforth, says Dr. Howell, she never wore cloth ones any more. The art of knitting silk stockings by wires or needles was first practised in Spain; and 28 years after it had been imported into England, Mr. Lee of Cambri'ge invented the engine or steel loom, called the stocking frame, by means of which England was enabled to export great quantities of silk stockings to Italy and other parts. Mr. Lee taught his art in England and France, and his servants did the same in Spain, Venice, and Ireland.

The use of coaches was introduced into England by Fitz-Alan, Earl of Arundel, A. D. 1380. At first, they were drawn by two horses only. It was Buckingham, the favourite, who (about 1619) began to have them drawn by six horses, which, as an old historian says, "was wondered at as a novelty, and imputed to him as a mastering pride." Before that time, ladies chiefly rode on horseback, either single, on their palfreys, or double, behind some person, on a pillion.

In the reign of Edward III. the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench had a salary of no more than 66l. 13s. 4d. per annum; and the ordinary judges of that bench, and of the Common Pleas, had only 40l. each per annum. The annual allowance of Henry IV's confessor was higher. It was 69l. 10s. 6d. It was in the year 1573, Queen Elizabeth created the Earl of Shrewsbury, Earl Marshal of England during life, with a salary of only 20l. per annum. Her secretary for the French tongue, Thomas Edmonds, Esq; was treated more generously. His salary was 66l. 13s. 4d. and the same with that of the Chief Justice.

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 METHOD of studying HISTORY
 to ADVANTAGE.

IT is an incontestible truth, that little knowledge or advantage is derived from history, when studied in the manner in

which it now generally is by young people: without a clew to guide them, they wander incautiously through the paths of science, till they find themselves bewildered in error and uncertainty. On the other hand, when the literary traveller is taught to proceed with precaution, to examine nicely the various tracks he pursues, and to contemplate properly the objects that surround him, it is a chance, if he does not at last reach the pleasing summit of just credit and applause.

Young people generally burthen their memories with a great number of dates, names, and events; and provided they can but repeat what they have heard or read, they are generally esteemed for their knowledge; but the true purpose of history, consists not in the remembrance of a number of events and actions, but in the making proper reflections thereon. To read it properly, is to enquire into the characters of those we there meet with, and to judge of them cautiously and wisely: to study history is to study the designs, the prejudices, and the passions of mankind; to discover all the secret springs of their actions, their arts and fallacies, and all the illusions they put in practice to deceive and ensnare the unguarded heart.

Young people should be early, and as it were insensibly, taught to reflect naturally and without art, upon every thing which they meet with remarkable in the histories they read.—It is an idle argument, that young people are incapable of reflection: they cannot too soon be treated like men; for they are capable of reasoning almost as soon as they are capable of speaking.

This kind of study, I mean that of reflection, consists in natural and familiar considerations, such as every person, when he hears them, fancies himself to have made long before, though perhaps they had never once entered his thoughts: thus they excite not any admiration; and it is therefore no wonder, that the generality of parents, who do not always think properly, should be so anxious to see their children become the objects of applause to those who are as ignorant as themselves. Such parents should be reminded, that this kind of applause is mean and contemptible, and that nothing is more dangerous then

It is not however at all wonderful, that

THE present London, though infinitely superior to the London of our ancestors, is by no means arrived at a perfection becoming the metropolis of a mighty empire. It is a trite observation, that our public buildings are not inferior to the buildings of most other European cities, but are placed in very ill-chosen situations. St. Paul's cathedral, which is in reality a noble structure, has been censured, perhaps, merely because it could not be seen; and the

M-n-ment,

Monument, probably in compliance with the caprice of the vulgar, was fixed on the spot where the conflagration, it was designed to commemorate, commenced;—a spot where the good sense of the architect could not else have permitted him to fix it. The streets, at their coincidence with each other, are most absurdly contracted to a third or fourth of their dimensions in parts where no such coincidence rendered width so absolutely indispensable. Nor is this the only absurdity which avarice of ground has occasioned: acute angles, interrupting the sight, and impeding the passage of carriages, occur constantly in places where, on account of the perpetual concourse of people, an obstacle of any kind should have been studiously precluded.

Were the air of this populous capital polluted with no other exhalation but the breath of its own numerous inhabitants, there would not be any room to boast of its salubrity; much less, when uncovered sewers, and filthy dunghills, are the common nuisances of its more immediate environs, and offensive occupations the common nuisances of its suburbs and centre. The trades of the soap-boiler and tallow-chandler are sufficiently disagreeable, but those of the fell-monger and carcase-butcher are intolerable; and the putrid effluvia arising from the offices and slaughter houses of the two latter must be pernicious beyond expression. But there are other evils attendant on the practice of slaughtering cattle in the city: the flesh of animals killed in a fever cannot be wholesome; but madness is a fever: and these unhappy animals are terrified and tortured into madness, by the noise and hurry of the scene through which they are precipitated, and the barbarity of their inhuman drivers. It is much easier to censure errors in public economy, than to discover unexceptionable methods for their rectification. It is an ancient observation, that there is no convenience without its opposite inconvenience, nor one advantage to be gained but by the loss of another; and possibly this might be the case with the affair in question: the selection of proper situations for the erection of public slaughter-houses, at a proper distance from town, could not be any matter of difficulty; but the expence of carriage would, undoubtedly, be made a pretence for rendering dearer those provisions which are much too dear already.

The position of the markets, and the conduct of the venders of provisions, are other sources of unhealthiness. The markets are situated in hollow quadrangles, where a stagnant atmosphere produces putrefaction much sooner than it would otherwise be produced; and, through the avarice of the venders, provisions are not sold to the poor at prices whereat they can afford to purchase, till they are so putrid that they should not be permitted to be eaten.

The institution of the public hospitals is undoubtedly founded on the principle of benevolence to the poor; but, by the ignorance or inattention of the founders, the success of their schemes has not proved equal to expectation. By the situation, construction, and economy of these infirmaries, an inherent contagion is produced, the fatal consequences of which are too frequently experienced by unhappy patients received into them for cure of accidental injuries; and, as such are frequently visited by their relations and acquaintance, disease is disseminated to places where it probably would not otherwise have existed: and thus the dominion of misery is extended by the very means designed for its contraction within narrower limits.

[Gent. Mag.]

The BEGGAR of ALGIERS.

IT has been frequently observed that the customs and manners of different people are as various as their faces; and, though they were undoubtedly derived from the same source, and had at first the same origin; yet, in a long series of years, they are often so very different, and sometimes so contradictory, that we are lost when we endeavour to trace them to their spring.—The clue that should lead us through the confused labyrinth of conjecture is lost, and we are soon bewildered and confounded in the fruitless search.

The benevolent passion of charity is one of the noblest endowments of the human heart, and seems an act wholly dependent on ourselves. We are certainly at liberty to give or refuse our benevolence to any object that implores our assistance, and should be apt to treat with contempt the intimations of a person who should caution us against this generous action, lest we should by that means incur a debt we may hereafter be unable to discharge. And yet
this

and this caution, however unnecessary it may appear in this country, is very different in others. In all the States of Barbary, a present of liberality becomes a debt, which the laws of that country oblige the giver to pay: A truth which many merchants have experienced to their cost and vexation.

About the beginning of the present century, a Greek merchant resided at Algiers, who used every year to make a voyage to Tunis, or Egypt, to dispose of the commodities he had purchased from the Moors and the trading ships from Europe. While he continued to carry on this branch of commerce, a countryman of his paid the debt of nature, left him his executor, and, among his legacies, ordered a certain sum of money to be disposed of among the indigent and distressed. One morning, as the merchant was passing through the street, he saw a Moor sitting on a piece of mat, lame, and almost blind. Struck with an object that seemed an epitome of human miseries, the Greek listened to his moving tale, and beheld, with a pleasing satisfaction, that this deplorable object employed himself in making thread laces, by which, and the charity of the benevolent, he procured a scanty subsistence. So unusual a sight, where wretchedness and industry were so remarkably blended in the same object, excited the compassion of the merchant, who, with a generous tear of humanity, dropped him a handful of aspers. Astonished at so unexpected an instance of kindness, the beggar followed the merchant on his crutches, calling upon Heaven to shower down its choicest blessings on his head. He told all he met how exceeding bountiful that Christian had been to him. Struck with this instance of liberality, the populace joined the cripple in his applauses. This, said they, is indeed an instance of universal benevolence, because extended to a person whose religion is different from his own.

The beggar followed his patron till he discovered the house in which he resided, and took his post for the future in a place where the merchant passed daily by him. Next day the beggar repeated his request, and the merchant his charity. He was persuaded he could not discharge the will of his late friend better than by giving to this distressed object, as it seemed to have a tendency to make the Infidels in love with the benevolent tendency of the Gospel; he

therefore continued his daily benevolence till the time of his departure for Egypt.

The beggar still kept his post, but, missing his benefactor, he made enquiry after him, and had the mortification to be informed that he was not in the kingdom. Whenever his clerk passed by the beggar, he always lifted up his hands to heaven and prayed for his master's safe return, which did not happen till near six months after. The beggar expressed his joy at seeing him; but, when the merchant, in return for his kind expressions, was going to repeat his usual benevolence, the cripple declined accepting it, saying it was better to pay him all his arrears at once. Confounded at so strange a refusal, the merchant asked what he meant by arrears? To which the Moor replied, that, as he had been absent near six months, his daily benevolence, which had been omitted during his voyage, now amounted to one hundred and eighty rials, which was the sum he now owed him. The Greek smiled at the impertinent answer of the beggar, and was for some time in doubt whether it merited contempt or chastisement. But, thinking the latter would be considered as cruel by the people, he left him without deigning to return him an answer.

The beggar, however, laid his complaint before the Dey, and the merchant was sent for to make his defence.—The Moor alledged that the merchant, during a whole month, had daily given him a rial, but that his charity had not been thrown away; it had greatly augmented the number of his customers, and proved to him an increasing fund of riches; That so considerable an income had induced him to lay aside his business of making thread laces, which was to him a very painful operation, as he had almost lost his sight; That the merchant went away without giving him the least warning that his pension was to cease, and he had therefore constantly kept his post, where he had daily offered up his prayers for his safe return; That, relying on the payment of his pension, he had contracted some debts which he was unable to discharge;—and that, when he had demanded his arrears, he had laughed at him, and even threatened to chastise his insolence. The merchant admitted that the account given by the Moor



PARTICULARS OF
Mr. FOSTER POWELL'S ASTONISHING JOURNEY ON FOOT,
From LONDON to YORK, and back again;

*With some Account of other singular Performances, on Foot and Horseback,
both of Ancient and Modern Times.*

CURIOSITY is a prevailing foible in almost every country, and the person who is capable of performing any wonderful exploit, seldom fails to excite the attention of the admiring multitude. The inhabitants of *this* kingdom have for some years past been endeavouring to raise this passion by the swiftness of their *horses*, and while some have lavished away their fortunes in pursuit of this pleasure, others have more prudently employed these useful *animals*, and rendered their speed of general service, by using them in business where dispatch is necessary. Hence it has become an universal practice to have recourse to them in matters of haste and expedition, and *men* have therefore had few opportunities of shewing their alertness. In England, indeed, from the goodness of the roads, the opportunities of shifting horses, and their extraordinary speed for single stages, swiftness in man is of less consequence to us than it was to our ancestors, who kept in their service men of prodigious fleetness, termed running footmen, and used in all messages and affairs of dispatch.

Of the swiftness of horses we have the two following very remarkable instances, the first of which is recorded to have been done about a century and a half ago.

It is mentioned in Drayton's History of York, that one John Leyton, groom to king James the First, rode between London and York in one day for six days together. He set out from Aldersgate on the 20th of May, 1606, and performed his journey each day before it was dark. The days at that time of the year are about 16 hours long, so that he must have rode upwards of 12 miles an hour for 16 hours each day.

The second instance we have of this kind, is that of Mr. Cooper Thornhill, master of the Bell inn at Stilton in Huntingdonshire, who, in the year 1745, rode between London and Stilton three times within 12 hours, the whole length of which journey being 222 miles, he rode 18 miles and a half in an hour, for 12 hours together.

These are certainly very extraordinary performances; nor are the several ones here extracted from history less remarkable, as pedestrian expeditions.

Among the ancients, the following are the most singular:

Philippides, who was sent by the Athenians to implore the assistance of the Spartans in the Persian war, in the space of two days ran 170 Roman miles.

Euchides was sent from Athens, to get some of the holy fire from Delphos;—he went and returned the same day, which is 125 Roman miles.

Henry V. king of England, was so swift in running, that he, with two of his lords, without bow or other engine, would take a wild buck or doe in a large park.

There were a sort of footmen, called the Picchi, who attended upon the Turkish emperors, and were occasionally dispatched with orders and expresses. They ran so admirably swift, that with a little pole-ax, and a phial of sweet waters in their hands, they have gone from Constantinople to Adrianople in a day and a night, which is about 160 Roman miles.

And among the moderns, we have these two particularly mentioned:

On the 4th of January, 1759, Geo. Gueft of Birmingham, who had laid a wager that he walked 1000 miles in 28 days, set out on his journey, and finished it with great ease. It seemed as if he had lain by for bets; for in the two last days he had 106 miles to walk, but walked them with so little fatigue to himself, that, to shew his agility, he came the last six miles within the hour, though he had full six hours to do it in.

Also in July 1765, a young woman went from Biencogo to within two or three miles of Newcastle, in one day, being 72 miles.

But these feats, however extraordinary they may appear in themselves, are by no means to be compared to the very surprising performance of Mr. FOSTER POWELL, who went on foot from London to York, and back again, in six days, for a wager of 100 guineas.

The particulars of this journey, as authenticated by Mr. Powell, are as follow:

On Monday, Nov. 29, 1773, he set out from Hicks's Hall about 20 minutes past 12 in the morning, and got to Stamford about nine o'clock in the evening of that day.

Number of miles the first day, 88

On Tuesday he set out from Stamford about five in the morning, and reached Doncaster by 12 at night.

On Wednesday morning he left Don-

caster about five o'clock, and arrived at York at two in the afternoon.

The last 17 miles of this stage he went in less than two hours, (*see the cut*) and for the last three miles several persons attempted to keep pace with him, but in vain. At York, he delivered a letter to Mr. Clarke, a watchmaker, and then went to the Golden Anchor, where he took a little refreshment, and then went to bed for about an hour and a half; after which, at half past five, he set out on his return, having previously disguised himself, to avoid being incommoded by the crowd that waited to see him. At ten o'clock that night he reached Ferry-bridge.

On Thursday morning at five, he set off from Ferrybridge, and got to Grantham about 12 at night.

On Friday he set out from Grantham about six in the morning, and got to the Cock at Eton by eleven at night.

On Saturday morning at four he began his last day's journey, and at half an hour past six in the evening, he arrived at Hicks's Hall.

Number of miles in the whole, 394

It is imagined there were not less than 3000 persons, on foot, on horseback, and in carriages, who came with Mr. Powell from Highgate, accompanied with French horns, and attended by near an hundred links.—This triumphal entry would have had a very pleasing effect, had it been properly conducted; but that curiosity which is so natural on these occasions, together with the eagerness of his friends to congratulate him on his arrival, made it one entire scene of confusion.

The singularity of this exploit will be thought still greater, when we consider that Mr. Powell set out in a very indifferent state of health, being compelled, from a pain in his side, to wear a strengthening plaister all the way; his appetite, moreover, was no way in his favour, for he mostly drank water or small beer, and the refreshment he most admired was tea and toast.—The condition of his wager was, that he should begin his journey some Monday in November, or forfeit his deposit; he therefore imprudently preferred the fatigue of it, tho' at the hazard of his life, to save this deposit of only 20l.

Mr. Powell was born at Horeforth, near Leeds

Leeds in the county of York; he is now in the 34th year of his age, and is clerk to an attorney in New Inn. He is about 5 feet 8 inches high, his body rather slim, but his legs and thighs are stout, and well calculated for such a journey: He has performed several expeditions with great swiftness, particularly from London to Maidenhead bridge and back again (27 miles) in seven hours; and some time ago, having occasion to go to York with some leases, he walked the whole journey, and returned to London in a little more than six days.



NEW
THEATRICAL PIECES.
DRURY-LANE.

The SCHOOL for WIVES.

WE know not exactly to whom to attribute the merit of this comedy, as it is almost equally given to the younger Mr. Sheridan, and to — Adlington, Esq; formerly an officer in Burgoyne's light horse; but whoever the writer is, he seems to have paid a very nice attention to the taste of the present age, and has happily discovered, that the studying *stage-fest*, and collecting such sentiments as are most likely to *surprise* us into approbation, are of themselves sufficient to ensure the success of almost any drama. The comedy was received with great applause, and though none of the characters are quite original, yet they are so well supported, and the language so well adapted to the occasions, that it must be allowed to be a very entertaining, though a sentimental play.

The School for Wives will undoubtedly procure honour and emolument for its author in the theatre, and profit to the manager also; but we fear it will not prove the most satisfactory of dramatic productions to the nice, the critical, and the dispassionate *closet* readers.

The prologue is said to be written by a noble Lord, who has lately favoured the public with some poetical productions, and was spoken by Mr. King and Miss Younge. Mr. Garrick is the author of the epilogue, which was admirably delivered by Mrs. Abington.

PROLOGUE.

MR. KING.

NO coward he, who, in this critic age,
Dares set his foot upon the dang'rous stage:

These boards, like ice, your footing will betray,
Who can tread sure upon a slipp'ry way?
Yet some thro' five acts slide, with wond'rous

skill,
Skim swift along, turn, stop, or wind at will!
Some tumble and get up, some rise no more,
While cruel critics watch them on the shore,
And at each stumble make a dismal roar!
A wife philosopher hath truly noted,
(His name I have forgot, tho' often quoted)
That fine-spun spirits from the slightest cause,
Draw to themselves affliction, or applause.
So fares it with our bard.—Last week he meets
Some hawks, roaring up and down the streets,
Lives, characters, behaviour, parentage,
Of some who lately left the mortal stage!
His ears so caught the sound, and work'd his

mind,
He thought his own name floated in the wind;
As thus—"Here is a faithful, true relation
"Of the birth, parentage, and education,
"Last dying speech, confession, character,
"Of the unhappy malefactor
"And comic poet, THOMAS ADDLE-BRAIN,
"Who suffer'd Monday last at Drury-Lane;
"All for the price of halfpenny a piece."
Still in his ears these horrid sounds increase!
Try'd and condemn'd,—half executed too,
There stands the culprit, till reliev'd by you,
(As he is going out, Miss Younge enters.)

MISS YOUNGE.

Pray give me leave.—I've something now to say.

MR. KING.

Is't at the School for Wives you're taught this way?

The School for Husbands teaches to obey.

[Exit.

MISS YOUNGE.

It is a shame, good Sirs, that brother King
To joke and laughter should turn ev'ry thing.
Our frighted poet would have no denial,
But begs me to say something on his trial.
The School for Wives, as it to us belongs,
Should for our use be guarded with our tongues.
Ladies! prepare,—arm well your brows and eyes,
From these your thunder, these your lightning flies:

Should storms be rising in the pit—look down,
And still the waves thus, far ones, with a frown:

Or should the galleries for war declare;
Look up—your eyes will carry twice as far.

Our bard to noble triumphs points your way
Bids you in moral principles be gay;
Something he'd alter in your education,
Something which hurting you, would hurt nation.

Ingenuous natures with you to reclaim?
By smiling virtue you'll insure your aim;
That gilds with bliss the matrimonial hours,
And blends her laurels with the sweetest flow'rs.

Ye married fair, deign to attend our school,
And without usurpation learn to rule:
Soon will he cease mean objects to pursue,
In conscience wretched till he lives to you;
Your charms will reformation's pain beguile
And Vice receive a stab from ev'ry smile.

EPILOGUE.

Can it be thought, ye wives, this scribbling fool

Will draw you hereby calling you to School?
Does he not know, poor soul! to be directed
Is what you hate, and more to be corrected?
Long have these walls to public fame been known

An ancient College to instruct the Town:
We've Schools for Rakes, for Fathers, Lovers,
Wives,

For naughty girls and boys to mend their lives;
Where some to yawn, some round about to look,

Some to be seen, few come to mind their book:
Some with high wit and humour hither run
To sweat the Masters—and they call it fun.
Some modish sparks, true stoics, and high bred,
Come, but ne'er know what's done, or sung, or said;

Should the whole herd of critics round them }
roar,

And with one voice cry out, Encore! encore! }
Or louder yet, Off! off! no more! no more!
Should pit, box, gall'ry with convulsions shake,
Still are they half asleep, nor't other half awake.
O Ladies fair, are these fit men to wed?
Such husbands, half, had better be quite dead.
But to return: vain men throughout the nation
Boast they alone have college education:
Are not we quality'd to take degrees?
We've caps and gowns, nay bands too, if you please,

Cornely's and Almack's our universities!
Young female students rise, if girls of parts,
From under-graduates—Mistresses of Arts!
The bashful spinsters turn important spouses,
Strive to be Masters, and the Heads of Houses.
Will any of you here, blest with a wife,
Dispute the fact? you dare not for your life.

Pray tell me truly, critics, and be free,
Do you this night prefer the Wife to me?
Shall Mrs. Belville give the play a name?
What are her merits? a cold, smiling dame, }
While I, a salamander, liv'd in flame!
Pret'st by three lovers! 'twas indeed provoking!

Ladies, upon my word it was no joking.
Can you from mortal woman more require,
Than save her fingers and yet play with fire?
The risks I run the partial bard upbraids;
Wives won't be taught—be it the SCHOOL FOR MAIDS.

A CHRISTMAS TALE.

THIS piece is written upon the plan of the Old English Masque, which allows the poet to call in the auxiliary assistance of machinery, painting, and music, to unite their efforts in rendering it more worthy the attention of the public; and here in deed, they seem to vie with each other for applause, and have really made it a very pretty and entertaining exhibition for the holidays.—Nor is it destitute of whim and humour in the dialogue; and many of the airs are well adapted; the

music is Mr. Dibdin's, and better than he usually produces.

The prologue (said to be the production of Mr. Garrick) was well spoken by Mr. Palmer, in the character of Christmas, represented as a venerable old man, encircled with mince pies and evergreens; a collar of brawn for his cap, and a carving-knife for his sword, preceded by a number of cooks, two of whom carry across the stage a sirloin of beef, to the tune of *O the Roast Beef of Old England!*

COVENT-GARDEN.

ACHILLES in PETTICOATS.

THIS opera was originally written by Mr. Gay, but was not performed till 1733, which was two years after his death.—There is reason to think it did not then meet with a very favourable reception; but the town have now given it repeated hearings with applause.—At first it consisted of three acts, but it is now considerably shortened. The chief alterations are those of abridgment and transposition, with the insertion of some new airs. Dr. Arne has composed new music for it, (though this is by no means equal to his usual excellence) and it was principally on that account that the opera was prepared for representation in its present form.

The success of this piece is perhaps wholly indebted to the judicious alterations of Mr. Colman, and the justice done it by the performers.

The comedy of the *Jealous Wife* was performed at this theatre Dec. 29, for the relief and discharge of persons imprisoned for small debts. The following pathetic epilogue was written on that occasion by Mr. Cumberland, and extremely well delivered by Mr. Hall and Mrs. Mattocks.

[The curtain rises, and discovers a prison; at a distance a woman poorly habited, and in a disconsolate attitude; after standing for some time motionless, in a posture of fixed attention, she speaks.]

WOMAN.

THOU loathsome dungeon, in whose dreary womb
The pining debtor finds a living tomb!
Where 'midst the clank of chains, and dismal yells
Of shackled felons my sad husband dwells;
From his dark cell oh give him to my view!
Let him look forth, and take a last adieu.

[As the advances towards the prison, a person in gentleman's apparel accosts her.]

MAN.

Stay, child of sorrow,—thou whose piercing groans

Might move to pity e'en these senseless stones,
Why dost thou bend thy melancholy way
To that drear dungeon? Child of sorrow, stay.

WOMAN.

Why should I stay, or my sad griefs impart?
Can there be pity in a human heart?
Away, and let me die.

MAN.

No; if 'tis there

You seek some captive friend,—renounce despair;

For though the iron hand of law has barr'd
Those surlly doors, which yon dread mansion guard,

Know, there are found on whose dilated breasts
The heav'n-descended dove of pity rests;
Souls that delight with soft ring smiles to cheer
The broken heart, and dry affliction's tear;
Pluck the wretched debtor from his noisome den,
And launch him on the cheerful walks of men.

WOMAN.

If such there be, oh lead me to their sight,
And let me plead a wretched sufferer's right.
Can there be truth, humanity, or sense
In laws that make misfortune an offence?
Torn from his famish'd babes and frantic wife,
A father, husband, there must end his life;
Stretch'd on his straw the guiltless captive lies,
While round his temple sickly damps arise,
That ev'n the murd'rer's ignominious fate
Were welcome refuge from his hopeless state.
Lost are the hands whose honest labour fed
His helpless innocents with daily bread;
For day by day the busy loom he ply'd,
With soft contentment singing by his side;
Till Heav'n hung out the signal to destroy,
And dropt its curtain o'er this scene of joy.
Nine tedious weeks the languid patient lay,
To dire disease an unrelucting prey;
The tenth succeeded—when, alas! behold
A worse tormentor in a human mould,
A gripping creditor!—escape who can,
When man's great foe assumes the shape of man?

Steel'd to their grade, and deaf to all our cries,
Relentless ruffians seize their legal prize;
From my fond arms a dying husband tear,
And plunge their victim in a dungeon—there.

MAN.

Enough! go speak the healing words of peace
To thy sad mate, and bear him this release;
Tell him the Muse, which on these scenes attends
That balm to his wounded spirit sends;
And know this truth thyself, 'tis not alone
The Preacher's pulpit, and the Monarch's throne

That Charity frequents; but in this age
She guides the theatre, and treads the stage;
Lo! she is present, cast your eyes around,
And here, in each spectator's heart she's found.

The SYLPHS;

Or, HARLEQUIN'S GAMBOLE.

THIS Pantomime Entertainment was performed for the first time, on Monday,

Jan. 3. The principal aim of it is to exhibit variety and novelty in the scenery, in combination with the powers of music, which are here particularly displayed, as it contains Recitatives, Songs, and Chorusses, sufficient to furnish an Opera of no very inconsiderable length. The scenes are principally painted by Messrs. Dahl and Richards, except the last, which is the work of that great artist Servandoni; and the Overture, with the whole of the music, is composed by Mr. A. Fiffer, the celebrated performer on the violin, and one of the proprietors of this Theatre.

The first Scene discovers a beautiful representation of the Bay of Naples. The principal Sylph enters, and calls to his train of Attendants, who partly in Song, and partly in Chorus, call up Harlequin from the Sea, who makes his appearance from a Shell, and comes forward to the front of the Stage. This is very natural, Italy being the birth-place of Harlequin. A Sylph, in a Song, informs him of his intended purpose of conveying him to England; after which a dance of Sylphs, &c. and the Scene changes to a fine view of Dover Cliffs, with the Sea in a violent motion, extremely well executed. Harlequin again appears approaching from the Waves, which subside by degrees, and he is welcomed to England by a Song from one of the Sylphs; the Scene then shuts. We are then presented with a view of a Grocer's Shop. This Scene is finely executed, and is productive of business exceedingly well planned. An excellent Song by a Sylph, and the Scene then opens to a breakfasting room at the Grocer's, which introduces a Song by Miss Twist, in the character of Columbine, who is supposed to be taking a lesson from her harpsichord-master.

We are likewise presented with a view of the front of Salmon's house in Fleet-street, with the wax-work figures usually exhibited to the public on public holidays, which changes to the inside of the house, and gives a striking representation of the wax-work curiosities of that place. Also a fine view of the front of the Tower of London, with a scene representing the Foot Armoury in that place, which is particularly well painted by Mr. Richards. We are also presented with a representation of the outside of Rodericus's Cave, or Sepulchre, (as described in the fifth volume of the Spectator)

Spectator) which afterwards changes to the inside of that place. Then a view of an old Abbey by moonlight; the whole concluding with a most splendid palace of the Sylphs, painted by Servandoni, but never exhibited before.

This piece contains a great variety of business, (the spirit of pantomimical exhibitions, and is well supported by the assistance it receives from the powers of music.

The Overture is truly characteristic of the Magic of Pantomime. Several of the Songs are singularly striking; the comic tunes are well adapted, and the chorusses in general have a good effect. This performance merits the applause it received from a numerous audience.



MEMOIRS of BEN BRUSH, the PAINTER.

AS the season is now commenced for Painters and Pictures, it becomes the fashion of every person to pretend to a knowledge of the art, whether or not they are acquainted with it. I have heard a coxcomb of the Ben Ton talk for an hour of Guido's features, Raphael's grace, Giulio Romano's execution, the study of the excellent Domenichino, the *chiaro scuro* of Tintoret, the naked beauties of Paulo Veronese, the portraits of Titian, and the historical design of the celebrated Michael Angelo Buonaroti,—without having a knowledge of Painting; but he had picked up these names, and used them as familiarly as if he had painted with those very Geniuses in the Italian Schools.

Last summer my lot was singular and perplexing. I took it into my head to pursue the Country Belles. I climbed up Richmond Hill, and I sailed to Margate: but I was eternally vexed by the people who sat to my pencil, being never able to perfectly please the person I drew, tho' the picture was as like as canvas and colours could make it. The first lady I was sent to had trod on the foot of sixty. I drew the lineaments of her face so strongly, that all her acquaintance unanimously confessed the similitude. But the lady huffed me; said I had made her an ugly old Frumps; that no creature should ever persuade her that she could be like such an old Hag; she therefore insisted upon it, that I should do the picture over again. I readily submit-

ted; and recommended her to be drawn in a Fancy stile. "How, how, (says she) dear Mr. Brush?" Madam, replied I, I would recommend you to be drawn in the character of Pastora, seated under a lilac, with a stream passing by your feet, a lamb under your arm, a wreathed crook in your hand, a garland on your head, two stock-doves billing in the tree over your ear, and a loose garment of white satin, damasked with spring flowers, thrown negligently over your shoulders, which should not cover, but only pretend to decently hide your snowy bosom. "O! (says she) you divine fellow! You shall do it instantaneously.—This is fancy and genius!" The lady took my proposition; and, though the laugh of the whole circle of her acquaintance, the ugly old fool stared afterwards on the composition with rapture, and gave me double pay for the roles of sixty that I gave her canvas cheeks.

The next person I prepared my pallet for at Margate, was a Mr. Simon Soap, a grocer, of the City. The honest man was so satisfied of my abilities, and the reasonableness of my price, that he insisted upon paying me before I did the picture. He then put on his church-going coat and wig, and looked like a creditable, homely tradesman. Just as I had finished the portrait, comes in his lady, Mrs. Soap, from the Rooms, with the two staring Miss Owlets. "Mr. Soap, (says she, in a low, but indignant tone) do you ever think that I will bear to look upon this figure—this Dalmahoy wig—this copper-coloured coat? O! preposterous Devil; Who have you got for a limner? A man without taste, without fancy! Was my family ever disgraced on canvas before? Is this, Mr. Brush, the method you take to draw family likenesses, and hand down parents to their children?" At these words she snatched the brush from my hands, and daubed the picture all over.

My confusion was not less than the husband's; for we stood like two Italian statues, while her tongue rattled on like the clack of a water mill.

At length, when her vehemence was a little exhausted, I said, Madam, I am inclined to do any thing you please; do but dictate your intentions, and I will readily put them into execution. "Well then, Sir, (says she) I will have Mr. Soap in a Roman character." Madam, replied I, it shall

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shall be immediately done. But don't you rather think an Athenian dress would be better. "O yes, Sir, (says she) Athenian by all means." Then, Madam, I will delineate Mr. Soap in the character of Leonidas opposing Xerxes at the pass of Thermopylæ. "Enchanting creature!" says she. The good gentleman tacitly submitted to my design; and when done, he looked like Joe Snip, in Harlequin's Invasion, in amour.

[*West. Mag.*]



SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF
The celebrated Miss LUCY COOPER.

IN her younger days, she had every advantage which nature could bestow;—her person was elegant, and she improved it by a peculiar neatness in her dress; no one ever possessed more wit and vivacity,—nor did any one ever run through such opulent fortunes. There are yet living many miserable instances of her persuasive powers, who have lavished their fortunes upon this Circe of sin and seduction. Mr. Churchill, when at Westminster, was first seduced by her, and expelled the school; and Mr. Holland the tragedian, as well as Messrs. Akerman and Palmer, continued long in favour with her, and it is said the two latter shared in the profuse donations of richer dupes. But with all her ill-got wealth, she sunk to the lowest ebb of prostitution, and in the decline of her life she kept a brothel, from whence she was removed to Bath, worn out with sin, disease, and vice,—a dismal spectacle. There she lingered long, and then returned to a cot upon Turnham Green, where she expired, a contrite, hapless, wretched and lamented penitent.

From the miserable and abandoned lives of such unprincipled women, let youth and beauty shudder to pursue their steps; for all her wit, her beauty, and vivacity were prostituted to the most detestable purposes; and when in serious thought she came to review her former vicious conduct, her soul shrunk back at the idea of her sins, and she lay for months a weeping penitent, beseeching that forgiveness of her offended God, which she so truly stood in need of, and which, let us hope, her piety obtained.

[*West. Mag.*]

ORIGIN of DUELLING;
From a Pamphlet, lately published, on that Subject.

A Great number of very judicious and useful observations on Duelling are contained in this treatise. The Author thus describes the origin of this practice:

The judicial combat obtained in ignorant ages, on a conclusion that in this appeal to Providence, innocence and right would be pointed out by victory, and guilt stigmatised and punished by defeat. But, alas! experience at length taught us not to expect a miraculous interposition whenever superior strength, superior skill, and superior bravery or ferocity, either or all of them, happened to appear on the side of injustice.

Dr. Robertson (in his elaborate History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles V.) derives the fashion of terminating private differences by the sword or pistol, from the illustrious example of the challenge sent by Francis I. of France, to the Emperor Charles V. and if this was not the first instance of a voluntary challenge independent of legal authority, the dignity of the parties, who proposed to decide their quarrel this way, was sufficient sanction for extending this custom. Dr. Robertson's remarks on this memorable affair are well worth producing, and are as under:

"The example of two personages so illustrious, drew such general attention, and carried along with it so much authority, as gave rise to an important change of manners all over Europe. Duels, as has been already observed, had long been permitted by the European nations, and, forming a part of their jurisprudence, were authorised by the Magistrate on many occasions, as the most proper method of terminating questions with regard to property, or of deciding those which respected crimes. But single combats being considered as solemn appeals to the omniscience and justice of the Supreme Being, they were allowed only in public causes, according to the prescription of law, and carried on in a judicial form.—Men accustomed to this manner of decision in Courts of Justice, were naturally led to apply it to personal and private quarrels.... Duels, which at first could be appointed by the Civil Judge alone, were fought without the interposition of his authority, and in cases to which the law did not extend. The

transaction

transaction between Charles and Francis strongly countenanced this practice. Upon every affront, or injury, which seemed to touch his honour, a Gentleman thought himself entitled to draw his sword, and to call on his adversary to make reparation. Such an opinion introduced among men of fierce courage, of high spirit, and of rude manners, when offence was often given, and revenge was always prompted, produced most fatal consequences. Much of the best blood in Christendom was shed; many useful lives were sacrificed; and, at some periods, war itself hath scarce been more destructive than these contests of honour. So powerful however is the dominion of fashion, that neither the terror of penal laws, nor reverence for religion, have been able entirely to abolish a practice unknown among the Ancients, and not justifiable by any principle of reason: though at the same time it must be admitted, that to this absurd custom we may ascribe, in some degree, the extraordinary gentleness and complaisance of modern manners, and that respectful attention of one man to another, which, at present, render the social intercourse of life far more agreeable and decent than among the most civilized nations of antiquity."

This is perhaps saying as much as can be advanced on the favourable side of Duelling; and it would be strange if a practice so generally adopted had nothing to be offered in its vindication: but it would be paying an unmerited compliment to the Duel, if the advantages of social civility and gentleness of behaviour were attributed more to so brutal an origin than to the operation of arts and commerce, which prevailed so little in antient times, but which have given so evident a superiority to our civil institutions, and taught us the immediate advantages derived from the mild intercourse of peaceable manners.

The Author, after having very fully exposed the wickedness, folly, and absurdity of Duelling, proposes the following method for determining the quarrels of men of honour:

Let a law be solicited, declaring the act of sending a challenge, or the reducing a person to defend his life with sword or pistol, to be felony; and the killing a per-

son in a Duel to be punished as murder, without benefit of clergy, unless sufficient proof is made that the party killed really urged the combat.

In every quarrel between two Gentlemen where satisfaction is thought necessary, let the parties be empowered to summon a jury of honour from among their friends, six to be appointed by one Gentleman, and six by the other; or in case of a refusal of either party, let the six chosen by the other complete the number by their own appointment, each nominating one: and finally, let all this be done, if possible, free from the embarrassing intervention of Lawyers.

Let this jury of honour, when duly assembled, discuss the merits of the dispute in question, and form their opinion by a majority of votes; but to guard against generating fresh quarrels by the discovery of the votes on either side, let the whole twelve be bound to secrecy upon their honour, and the whole twelve sign the verdict of the majority. Let a copy of this verdict be delivered, or transmitted to the Gentleman whose conduct is condemned; and if he refuses to make the required concession, or due satisfaction, let this opinion be published in such a manner as may be thought proper, and be understood to divest him of his character as a Gentleman so long as he remains contumacious.

By this single expedient, conveyed in few words, it is hoped the necessity of Duels may be effectually superseded, the practice suppressed, and ample satisfaction enforced for all injuries of honour. In the examination of subjects of importance we are often tempted to overlook the thing we want, on a supposition that it cannot be near at hand. This plan may perhaps admit of amendment; but it is to be feared, that the more complicated it is rendered, the more difficult it may prove to carry into execution; and it is to be hoped, such as it is, it will not be the worse thought of, for coming from an unknown pen. Perhaps this circumstance may operate in its favour. Occasional tribunals of honour, so easily erected, to suit all affairs that can come before them, would in all likelihood support the proper decorums of genteel behaviour, more strictly than the apprehensions of being called to account in the present inconsistent mode.

The LITERARY REVIEW.

ART. I. *The Plays of William Shakespeare. With the Corrections and Illustrations of various Commentators; and Notes, by Samuel Johnson and George Steevens. With an Appendix. 8vo. 10 vols. 3l. bound. Bathurst, &c. 1773.*

AMONG the accumulated proofs of the high esteem in which the writings of Shakespeare are held, in the present age, we may consider the multiplicity of editions which his plays have undergone, in a few years, as not the least. This multiplicity, perhaps, surpasses all other examples in the annals of literature: SUCH a tribute of praise, we believe, has never been paid to any other writer.—But the Immortal Bard (who, possibly, by the way, never imagined that his works would have passed a second edition) richly deserves every honour that can be paid to the memory of so astonishing a genius; and to the EXALTED, and almost infinitely VARIOUS, merit of his productions.

Shakespeare, as Dr. Johnson has observed, ‘begins now to assume the dignity of an ancient, and claim the privilege of established fame, and prescriptive veneration.’ He has outlived his century, the term commonly fixed as the test of literary merit. The effects of favour and competition are at an end; the tradition of his friendships and his enmities has perished; his works support no opinion with arguments, nor supply any faction with invectives; they can neither indulge vanity, nor gratify malignity; but are read without any other reason than the desire of pleasure, and are therefore praised only as pleasure is obtained: yet, thus unsolicited by interest or passion, they have passed through variations of taste, and changes of manners, and, as they devolved from one generation to another, have received new honours at every transmission.*

‘The plays of Shakespeare,’ as Mr. Steevens remarks, ‘have been so often republished, with every seeming advantage which the joint labours of men of the first abilities could procure for them, that one would hardly imagine they could stand in need of any thing beyond illustration of some few dark passages.’ Yet

those who attentively peruse the account given by this accurate Scholiast of the industry and labour required in collecting and faithfully collating the old copies (and to the toil of which he appears to have most zealously and cheerfully submitted) will be convinced that much, after all, remained to be accomplished, in order to do that justice to the fame of this prince of poets, which the more curious and discerning of his admirers would expect from a competent editor.—How much is it to be lamented that the Great Bard did not himself give a complete edition of his works! But, as Dr. J. has remarked, ‘it does not appear that Shakespeare thought his works worthy of posterity, that he levied any ideal tribute upon future times, or had any further prospect than that of present popularity, and present profit.’—So careless was this great poet of future fame, that though he retired to ease and plenty, while he was yet little declined into the vale of years, before he could be disgusted with fatigue, or disabled by infirmity, he made no collection of his works, nor desired to rescue those which had been already published* from the depravations that obscured them, or secure to the rest a better destiny, by giving them to the world in their genuine state.

But how astonishing is this indifference to the fate of his writings, in the author of such admirable productions,—who could thus indolently resign† his glorious compositions to the horrible mangling of such vandal publishers! The tenderness

* By the players, from no better copies, perhaps, than the prompter’s book, or piecemeal parts, written out for the use of the actors, whose very names are sometimes, thro’ carelessness, set down, instead of the personæ dramatis: while in others, the notes of direction to the property-men for their moveables, and to the players for their entries, are inserted into the text.

† Dr. Johnson, however, has suggested as a reason for this seeming indifference in Shakespeare to literary fame,—‘that superiority of mind, which despised its own performances, when it compared them with its powers, and judged those works unworthy to be preserved, which the critics of following ages were to contend for the fame of restoring and explaining.’

of an author for the fruit of his brain, hath often been compared to that of parents for their children: but, in the instance before us, Shakespeare, so justly stiled the great Poet of Nature, seems to have been, of all others, the most unnatural!

What an amazing contrast does this negligence of fame afford to the anxiety of Cicero and Pliny, with respect to the celebrity which they hoped for, and even earnestly solicited, at the hands of their learned friends!

This new edition comes recommended to the public under the sanction of the two respectable names which appear in the title-page. Dr. Johnson's edition of Shakespeare was first printed in 1765; Mr. Steevens's separate publication of *twenty plays* from the old quarto copies, came out in the year following.—As those performances may be deemed sufficient indications of what the public might expect from the critical talents of these gentlemen, it will probably be thought unnecessary for us to enlarge on the particular merits of an undertaking, executed under the joint auspices of scholars, whose abilities for a work of this kind are so well known, and so generally admitted.

The present plays are preceded by a collection of prefaces, written by the most considerable of Shakespeare's editors; which comprehend a great variety of remarks on the genius and writings of the author, many of them learned and instructive—others ingenious and curious—and all of them entertaining to the attentive and critical reader.

Dr. Johnson's elaborate preface stands first; and his discourse is followed by an advertisement of considerable length, from Mr. Steevens. To this is subjoined, a very large catalogue of those translated authors, to many of whom reference has been made, in the disputes relating to a question which, by some critics, hath been deemed of much importance,—the *learning* of Shakespeare: a point which we join with Mr. Steevens in pronouncing to have been decisively settled by the Rev. Mr. Farmer's judicious pamphlet.

Next to Mr. Steevens's preface, and the list of those Greek and Roman poets, orators, &c. who had been rendered accessible to Shakespeare, by the old English translations, we have the dedication and preface of the two players, Heminge and Condell, prefixed to the first folio edition of 1623; which was printed seven years after the author's death: and is the first collection of his works.

The prefaces of Mr. Pope, Mr. Theobald, Sir Thomas Hanmer, and Bishop Warburton, and Mr. Steevens's advertisement, next follow in succession; and the tear of this prefatory procession is brought up by Rowe's *Life* of Shakespeare, to whose account our editors have added the following passage, which, they inform us, Mr. Pope related, as communicated to him by Mr. Rowe, viz.

* In the time of Elizabeth, coaches being yet uncommon, and hired coaches not at all in use, those who were too proud, too tender, or too idle to walk, went on horseback to any distant business or diversion. Many came on horseback to the play, and when Shakespeare fled to London, from the terror of a criminal prosecution, his first expedient was to wait at the door of the playhouses, and hold the horses of those who had no servant, that they might be ready again after the performance. In this office he became so conspicuous for his care and readiness, that in a short time every man as he alighted called for *Will Shakespeare*, and scarcely any other waiter was trusted with a horse while Will Shakespeare could be had. This was the first dawn of better fortune. Shakespeare, finding more horses put into his hand than he could hold, hired boys to wait under his inspection, who, when Will was summoned, were immediately to present themselves, *I am Shakespeare's Boy, Sir*. In time Shakespeare found higher employment; but, as long as the practice of riding to the playhouse continued, the waiters that held the horses retained the appellation of *Shakespeare's Boys*."

To the tenth and last volume is added a large *Appendix*, consisting of notes, &c. and in which too we find the *curious* distinction concerning the *provocative* virtues of the *potatoes*.—The name of COL-LINS stands at the foot of this long note; which is given as a comment on a passage in *Troilus and Cressida*, where Thersites talks of "The Devil Luxury, with his fat rump and *potatoes* finger." Shakespeare also strongly alludes to the same supposed quality of this root, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: "Let the sky rain *potatoes*, hail kissing comfits, and snow eringoes;—let a *tempest of provocation* come." All this serves to shew, however, that the root itself, whatever may be its qualities, has been longer known in England than is generally imagined.

We shall now close this article, in the words of Mr. Farmer, as they stand at the head of his letter to Mr. Steevens:—"The edition you now offer to the public, approaches much nearer to perfection than any that has yet appeared: and, I doubt not, will be the standard of every future

future one." The sentence does not terminate elegantly; but we heartily adopt the writer's opinion.—*Monthly Review*.

All the sources of Shakespeare's fables which have yet been discovered, are in this edition pointed out; and all necessary collations made.

Two appendixes are subjoined to this work, the first of which contains such notes as have either been recently collected from published volumes, or communicated by correspondents. The gentlemen whose names we find affixed to the latter are, Mr. Walton, Dr. Percy, Sir J. Hawkins, Mr. Tollet, Mr. Collins, Dr. James, and Mr. Warner. The second appendix consists of the comments of the Rev. Mr. Farmer, communicated in a letter to Mr. Steevens.

On the whole, this edition of the works of Shakespeare is the most elaborate and explanatory of any that has hitherto been published; and affords an instance of the happy success resulting from the united efforts of commentators of distinguished abilities.—*Critical Review*.

ART. II. *Miscellaneous Sermons, extracted chiefly from the Works of Divines of the last Century.* 8vo. 4 vols. 11. Cadell. 1773.

THE sermons composed by many of the English Protestant divines of the last age, may be read with peculiar advantage by all who have a prevailing regard for manly sense, and plain truth, delivered in honest and blunt language. They were not, indeed, of the delicate race of your refined court preachers, who 'feign to mention hell to ears polite.' Not so the worthy champions of the church who fought the good fight a century ago.—They were not only disposed to render to God the things that were God's, but they thought it incumbent on them also to give Satan his due; and if a prospect of the bliss of heaven would not tempt men to tread the path of righteousness, they scrupled not to display to their view, the fatal alternative, in all its terrors.—If the flock were edified by either means, the venerable shepherd was happy in the idea of his own instrumentality towards effecting so good a work.

The Authors on whom our Editor's choice has fallen in this selection, are, Kettlewell, Clagget, Sherlock, Owttram, Bray, Scott, Bishop Taylor, Pelling, Bishop Wilkins, Bishop Hall, Bishop Patrick, South, Newcome, and Horneck.

Besides whose discourses, we have here five sermons by the editor, the subjects of

which are,—On *Drunkenness*—*Psalmody*—*God's Knowledge*—*The Folly of Sin*—*On Restitution*.

As Dr. Burn is more generally known by his publications as a lawyer, than in the character of a divine, we shall here give a specimen of his compositions for the pulpit, from his sermon on Psalmody.

The expression of our gratitude to our almighty and eternal Benefactor, in songs of praise, is founded, as the worthy author observes in his exordium, 'in the nature of man, and consequently is as old as the creation:' but he traces it still higher; for it was, says he, 'the employment of heaven before man was made—and will be so after the consummation of all things.'

In considering the antiquity of this part of public worship, he has the following observations on the state of Psalmody under the Jewish dispensation:

'David, says our author, was a proficient in the knowledge of sounds, and was himself both a performer in the service, and composed the words, which were set to music by his chief musicians. He procured persons skilful in the art, at a royal expence; and gave all possible encouragement to the professors of it. He employed in his service no less than two hundred and fourscore and eight singers and musicians. It is indeed a loss to be lamented, that no footsteps of the ancient music are now to be found, whereby we might be enabled to form an adequate comparison between the ancient and modern music.'

Dr. Burn remarks, with respect to *languages*, that the sounds in the Hebrew, above all other languages, correspond with the thing signified; and that 'therein, it hath the most remarkable signatures of the language of nature. Matters of grief are expressed by slow-sounding syllables; of rage, by harsh and difficult pronunciations; and matters of joy gently glide away in sounds of easy and delightful utterance. I will not be tedious upon this head, and therefore shall only exemplify what I have said in one well-known instance. The expression in the Hebrew, which signifieth, *Praise ye the Lord*, hath nothing in it of that harshness, which these words do bear in English; and therefore the modern composers leave it untrifled; I mean, the term *Hallelujah*, which is a kind of *Gloria Patri* in miniature. There seemeth to be something enchanting in the very sound of it. So free it is from all ruggedness of accent, and plays upon the tongue with such liquid fluency,

that when they have once taken it up, they know not how to leave it. They toils it to and fro, and transfuse it through all the variety of melody; catching at every syllable, and every echo of a syllable; until, at length, like an expiring taper, (as it were exhausted of its substance) it languishes, trembles, and dies away.

Having closed his observation on the Jewish Psalmody, our author comes next to our obligation to follow the practice of psalm-singing, as an act of Christian worship. In this part of his discourse, he shews, that we are not enjoined or bound to it by any human authority; but that the practice is allowed, as conducive to education. The Doctor is, however, an advocate for the expediency and utility of the practice, on the following considerations, viz. that it habituates the people to a love of divine service; that every person approves the work in which he is himself employed*; and that it is one of the excellencies of our liturgy, that the people have a greater share in the service than hath been allowed in any other established form, or than is practised in any of the Dissenting congregations.

In the third head of his discourse, Dr. Burn gives us his observations concerning our conduct in the execution of this part of our public devotions.

‘A good life (says he) above all other things, is the best handmaid to devotion; and is especially necessary for that branch of it which I have been speaking of.—As a mind, loaded with oppression, is unfit for the triumphs of song, much more so is a conscience burdened with guilt. Alas! what hath he to do with singing, whose portion (unless he repenteth) shall be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. The voice of distress is always broken and inharmonious. Therefore, that we may sing well, we must live well.’

These observations are very just, and of the most useful tendency.—We have only to add a remark, in reference to the disagreeable and unhappy effect of a neg-

* On this principle we may subscribe to the policy of the Moravian and Methodist teachers, who allow their people so large a share in the performance of their public devotions, and whose singing is so much superior to that in other, less enthusiastic, assemblies. It is well known they have adopted the music of some of our finest songs, &c. such as, *He comes! the hero comes, &c.* And they have given good reasons for so doing: for, as Whitefield said, “Why should the devil have all the best tunes?”

ligent, slovenly, coarse, or discordant manner of performing this solemn and delightful part of our public worship. Of these gross defects some, or all, are too often observable, both in our churches and meeting-houses. But it is not so, we are fully persuaded, where the sensible and worthy Author of the foregoing observations on psalmody presides as pastor.—*Monthly Review.*

III. *Observations on the Nature and Cure of Fevers.* By Wm. Grant, M. D. 8vo. 2 vols. 10s. Cadell.

CONSIDERING this as a literary composition, it abounds with repetitions, and is chargeable with many imperfections, not only in regard to the author's arrangement of his materials, but to his diction. Yet, as a medical production, we scruple not to affirm, that it contains more sound practice, and more critical, discriminating knowledge of fevers, than is, perhaps, to be found in any other book on the subject, from Sydenham to the present time. Some of the Doctor's brethren may possibly cavil at it, while their own interest, if not that of their patients, will lead them secretly to consult it; and by that means mankind may profit by its publication: which is the great end that a well-disposed mind hopes to attain, even by its most ardent and most fatiguing operations.—*Mo. Rev.*

IV. *Poems on various Subjects, religious and moral.* By Phillis Wheatley, Negro Servant to Mr. John Wheatley of Boston in New-England. 12mo. 2s. Bell.

THE following short account of the Author, is prefixed to the poems:—‘Phillis was brought from Africa to America in the year 1761, between seven and eight years of age. Without any assistance from school education, and by only what she was taught in the family, she, in sixteen months time from her arrival, attained the English language, to which she was an utter stranger before, to such a degree, as to read any, the most difficult part of the sacred writings, to the great astonishment of all who heard her. She has a great inclination to learn the Latin tongue, and has made some progress in it.’

She has written many good lines, and now and then one of superior character has dropped from her pen.

In her verses to the Earl of Dartmouth, on his being appointed Secretary of State for the American department, after be-

speaking

speaking his Lordship's favourable sentiments in behalf of American liberty, the adds,

'Should you, my Lord, while you peruse my song,

[sprung,

Wonder from whence my love of freedom

Whence flow these wishes for the common good,

By feeling hearts alone best understood.

I, young in life, by seeming cruel fate :

Was snatch'd from Afric's fancied happy seat :

What pangs excruciating must molest,

What sorrow labour in my parent's breast ;

Steel'd was that soul, and by no misery mov'd,

That from a father seiz'd his babe below'd,

Such, such my case. And can I then but

pray,

Others may never feel tyrannic sway ?'

We are much concerned to find that this ingenious young woman is yet a slave. The people of Boston boast themselves chiefly on their principles of liberty. One such act as the purchase of her freedom, would, in our opinion, have done them more honor, than hanging a thousand trees with ribbons and emblems.—*Monthly Review*.

V. *The Works in Architecture of Robert and James Adam, Esqrs. No. 1. Containing Part of the Designs of Stow-House. Folio. Imperial Paper. 11. 15.*

ELEGANCE and splendor unite to characterize this specimen of a design which, we doubt not, will add greatly to the honour already derived to the name of Adam, from the productions of the press, as well as from the noble edifices which bear irrefragable testimony to the merit of these distinguished masters in the architectural walk.—*Monthly Rev.*

VI. *Select Mechanical Exercises: Shewing how to construct different Clocks, Orreries, and Sun-Dials. To which is prefixed, a short account of the Life of the Author. By James Ferguson, F. R. S. 8vo. 5s. Cadell. 1773.*

EVERY publication of this ingenious and industrious Author is acceptable to the public. There is always something new, either in the matter or manner of his writings ; and it will always give us sincere pleasure to pay our tribute of respect to genius, and to modest merit ; but Mr. F's name and character are so well known, that he stands in no need of our recommendation.—*Monthly Review*.

VII. *Miscellaneous Pieces, in Prose. By J. and A. L. Aikin. 8vo. 3s. bound.*

MISS Aikin has an indisputable claim to originality, and may be classed as a

genius of the higher order. But if she at all contributes to the growth of that *point* and *prettiness* which is now cramping and destroying our language, she must have patience, and hear the admonitions as well as the praises of her friends.

The Hill of Science is a most picturesque and enchanting object, and we have seldom been so delighted as in viewing its several parts. The allegorical personages, the woods and fields, would have been charmingly romantic, if they had not been 'all terminated with the statue of a Grace, a Virtue, or a Muse.—

'After I had observed these things,' says the fair Visionary, 'I turned my eye towards the multitudes who were climbing the steep ascent, and observed amongst them a youth of a lively look, a piercing eye, and something fiery and irregular in all his motions. His name was GENIUS. He darted like an eagle up the mountain, and left his companions gazing after him with envy and admiration ; but his progress was unequal, and interrupted by a thousand caprices. When Pleasure warbled in the valley, he mingled in her train. When Pride beckoned towards the precipice, he ventured to the tottering edge. He delighted in devious and untrod paths, and made so many excursions from the road, that his feebler companions often outstripped him. I observed that the Muses beheld him with partiality, but Truth often frowned and turned her face.—While Genius was thus waiting his strength in eccentric flights, I saw a person of a very different appearance, named APPLICATION. He crept along with a slow and unremitting pace, his eyes fixed on the top of the mountain, patiently removing every stone that obstructed his way, till he saw most of those below him who had at first derided his slow and toilsome progress.'

Nothing can be better imagined than these two images of *Genius* and *Application*.

Most of Miss A's introductions are in this manner : 'where the rustling of the falling leaves, the dashing of the waters, and the hum of the distant city, &c.' These triads, when they do not too frequently occur, may be successfully introduced ; but they should be introduced like the steps of a minuet, which are difficult to distinguish from the common walk of a person who moves with natural ease and grace.—Even one of her happiest passages wants simplicity : 'Happy, said I, are they who are permitted to ascend

ascend the mountain!—but while I was pronouncing this exclamation with uncommon ardor, I saw standing beside me a form of diviner features and a more benign radiance. Happier, said she, are those whom *virtue* conducts to the mansions of content.—Nothing can be more charming than this method of introducing Virtue, or more just than the sentiments she utters. But she talks too much and too big, about *conducting to mansions*, and *illuminating the mountain*; expressions which modest Virtue hardly understands. * I am found, said she, in the vale, and I illuminate the mountain. I cheer the cottager at his toil, and inspire the sage at his meditation. I mingle in the croud of cities, and bless the hermit in his cell. I have a temple in every heart that owns my influence, and to him that wishes for me I am already present. Science may raise you to eminence, but I alone can guide you to felicity!

The essay entitled, 'Against inconsistency in our expectations,' is one of the best and most useful pieces of moral composition which we have lately seen. Our charming monitor opens her whole intention in the following admirable manner:

'As riot of the unhappiness in the world arises rather from disappointed desires than positive evil, it is of the utmost consequence to attain just notions of the laws and order of the universe, that we may not vex ourselves with fruitless wishes, or give way to groundless and unreasonable discontent. The laws of natural philosophy, indeed, are tolerably understood and attended to; and though we may suffer inconveniences, we are seldom disappointed in consequence of them. No man expects to preserve oranges through an English winter; or when he has planted an acorn, to see it become a large oak in a few months. The mind of man naturally yields to necessity; and our wishes soon subside, when we see the impossibility of their being gratified. Now, upon an accurate inspection, we shall find in the moral government of the world, and the order of the intellectual system, laws, as determinate, fixed, and inviolable, as any in Newton's Principia. The progress of vegetation is not more certain than the growth of habit; nor is the power of attraction more clearly proved, than the force of affection or the influence of example. The man, therefore, who has well studied the operations of nature in mind as well as matter, will acquire a certain moderation and equity in his

claims upon Providence. He never will be disappointed either in himself or others. He will act with precision, and expect that effect, and that alone, from his efforts, which they are naturally adapted to produce. For want of this, men of merit and integrity often censure the dispositions of Providence for suffering characters they despise to run away with advantages which, they yet know, are purchased by such means as a high and noble spirit could never submit to. If you refuse to pay the price, why expect the purchase? We should consider this world as a great mart of commerce, where Fortune exposes to our view various commodities, riches, ease, tranquillity, fame, integrity, knowledge.—Every thing is marked at a settled price. Our time, our labour, our ingenuity, is so much ready-money, which we are to lay out to the best advantage. Examine, compare, chuse, reject; but stand to your own judgment, and do not, like children, when you have purchased one thing, repine that you do not possess another which you did not purchase.'

These general observations are, with great eloquence and judgment, applied to the desire of riches, of knowledge, &c. and we can recommend the perusal of this Essay to all our readers, who are, in any measure, a prey to discontent.

The piece on Monastic Institutions, is written in the true spirit of philosophic benevolence.—'Ye are fallen, said I, ye dark and gloomy mansions of mistaken zeal, where the proud priest, and lazy monk, fattened upon the riches of the land, and crept like vermin from their cells, to spread their poisonous doctrines through the nation, and disturb the peace of Kings!—Such were for a while my meditations; but it is cruel to insult a fallen enemy; and I gradually fell into a different train of thought. I began to consider whether something might not be offered in favour of these institutions during the barbarous ages in which they flourished; and though they have been productive of much mischief and superstition, whether they might not have spread the glimmering of a feeble ray of knowledge thro' that thick night, which once involved the western hemisphere.'

This thought does great honour to the mind of the fair Writer, and the pursuit it as far as it will very well go. She points out the advantages flowing from these institutions; their having preserved the remains of ancient learning; given education (such as it was) to youth;

cultivated the arts, in some degree; and furnished an asylum for the peaceable and unfortunate.

A T A L E.

'In the happy period of the golden age, when all the celestial inhabitants descended upon the earth, and conversed familiarly with mortals, among the most cherished of the heavenly powers were twins, the offspring of Jupiter, Love and Joy. Wherever they appeared, the flowers sprung up beneath their feet, the sun shone with a brighter radiance, and all nature seemed embellished by their presence. They were inseparable companions, and their growing attachment was favoured by Jupiter, who had decreed that a lasting union should be solemnized between them so soon as they were arrived at maturer years. But in the mean time, the sons of men deviated from their native innocence; vice and ruin over-ran the earth with giant strides; and Astræa, with her train of celestial visitants, forsook their polluted abode: Love alone remained, having been stolen away by Hope, who was his nurse, and conveyed by her to the forest of Arcadia, where he was brought up amongst the shepherds. But Jupiter assigned him a different partner, and commanded him to espouse Sorrow, the daughter of Atë. He complied with reluctance, for her features were harsh and disagreeable, her eyes sunk, her forehead contracted into perpetual wrinkles, and her temples were covered with a wreath of cypresses and wormwood. From this union sprung a virgin, in whom might be traced a strong resemblance to both her parents; but the full and unamiable features of her mother were so mixed and blended with the sweetness of her father, that her countenance, tho' mournful, was highly pleasing. The maids and shepherds of the neighbouring plains gathered round, and called her PITY. A red-breast was observed to build in the cabin where she was born: and while she was yet an infant, a dove, pursued by a hawk, flew into her bosom. This nymph had a dejected appearance, but so soft and gentle a mien, that she was beloved to a degree of enthusiasm. Her voice was low and plaintive, but inexpressibly sweet; and she loved to lie for hours together on the banks of some wild and melancholy stream singing to her lute. She taught men to weep; for she took a strange delight in tears; and often when the virgins of the hamlet were assembled at their evening sports, she would steal in among them,

and captivate their hearts by her tales full of a charming sadness. She wore on her head a garland, composed of her father's myrtles, twined with her mother's cypresses. — One day, as the fat musing by the waters of Helicon, her tears by chance fell into the fountain; and ever since, the Muses' spring has retained a strong taste of the infusion. Pity was commanded by Jupiter to follow the steps of her mother through the world, dropping balm into the wounds she made, and binding up the hearts she had broken. She follows, with her hair loose, her bosom bare and throbbing, her garments torn by the briars, and her feet bleeding with the roughness of the path. The nymph is mortal, for her mother is so; and when she has fulfilled her destined course upon the earth, they shall both expire together, and Love be again united to Joy, his immortal and long-betrothed bride.'

On the whole, we have read these miscellaneous pieces with great pleasure. — They bear the marks of considerable talents, and even of learning; and they are written for the most part with uncommon taste and elegance. — *Monthly Review.*

VIII. *Dictionary Saxonico & Gothico-Latinum.* 2 vols. Fol. 3l. 3s. White.

THE Gothic language, which makes a part of this valuable work, is of great antiquity, and one of the principal sources of all the northern languages of Europe.

Our Saxon ancestors were a branch of the Goths, and retained a great part of their customs, religion, and language. — The Saxon language is immediately derived from the Gothic, and bears a near affinity to it: but it has several characters peculiar to itself. It is the basis, or the mother-tongue, of the English and Scottish languages; and a knowledge of it cannot fail of being attended with various advantages to men of letters, especially our own countrymen.

This work was begun many years since by Mr. Lye, rector of Yardley-Hattings in Northamptonshire. But Mr. Lye dying in 1767, when only about thirty sheets of it were printed, he bequeathed his work to the learned Mr. Manning, who has improved and completed the whole on a more extensive plan. — *Crit. Review.*

IX. *Juliet Greenville; or History of the Human Heart.* 3 vols. 2s. Robinson.

THE principal merit of this history consists in the strong and lively descrip-

tion with which it presents us of the emotions of the heart; and in this entertaining and instructive field of representation, it may be admitted to vie with the most masterly productions of the kind.—*C. R.*

X. *The Elements of Speech.* By J. Herries, A. M. 8vo. 4s. Dilly.

THE design of this essay is extremely laudable, as it is intended to promote a most useful and important study, the study of eloquence, which is at present too much neglected in this kingdom.—*Crit. Rev.*

XI. *The great Advantage of eating pure and genuine Bread.* 1s. Woodfall.

A sensible, well-written pamphlet.—*Critical Review.*

XII. *An Enquiry into the Practice of Imprisonment for Debt.* 8vo. 1s.

WE think the Author has unanswerably shewn, 'that the statute law of this realm doth clearly authorize the practice of imprisoning for debt; and that it hath from time to time, continually supported and enforced this practice.' To remedy, if possible, the inconvenience arising from the imprisonment of debtors, he hath suggested the following proposal: 'Let the bankrupt laws be extended to men whose principal debts are only twenty pounds; and let the Courts of Conscience be authorized to proceed on all debts under twenty pounds.'—*Monthly Review.*

XIII. *The Gardener's and Planter's Calendar.* By R. Weston, Esq. 3s. 6d.

THIS new gardener's calendar appears to be the fair result of actual experience; and is chiefly confined to the common, useful, and entertaining parts of gardening.—*Monthly Rev.*

XIV. *Advice to People afflicted with the Gout.* By J. Williams, M. D. 1s. 6d.

THE Author, touching slightly on the gout-treatment, &c. in the early ages of physic, introduces a theory and method of cure rather foreign to the received opinions of those who have written on the subject, and to the modern practice, with respect to medicine and diet. His arguments are persuasive, and his manner of treating the disorder, in its different stages, very rational and perfectly agreeing with the theory he lays down. He speaks highly in favour of the 'musk and cold-bath,' and flatters us that a radical cure may be effected, where the patient has strength to put in practice, and strictly adheres to, his prescriptions.—*Un. Cat.*

XV. *Institutions on Entomology, being a Translation of Linnaeus's Systematic Arrangement of Insects.* By T. P. Yeats. 8vo. 4s. Horsfield.

AS far as verbal description can convey a clear idea of insects, this work cannot fail of proving acceptable and advantageous to lovers of natural history.—*Cr. R.*

XVI. *The Lives of those eminent Antiquaries, Elias Ashmole, Esq; and Mr. Wm. Lilly, written by themselves.* 7s. bound.

BOTH Lilly and Ashmole were remarkable men of their time; and if this publication of their lives is of no other service, it will let us into some secret history, and be acceptable in that respect to a curious historian.—*Univ. Catalogue.*

XVII. *Charity: A poetical Essay.* By Ch. Peter Layard, A. M. 4to. 1s. Beecroft.

A performance by no means destitute of poetical merit. It procured the author the honour of Mr. Seaton's reward at Cambridge.—*Critical Review.*

XVIII. *An Epistle from Oherea, Queen of Otaheite, to Joseph Banks, Esq. Translated by T. R. Z. Esq; Professor of the Otaheite Language.* 4to. 1s. Almon.

THE language and manners of Otaheite, conveyed to us in Ovidian strains, make an appearance equally pleasant and grotesque. Thus Oherea laments the loss of her *Opano*:

Oft on thy lips, those lips of love, I hung,
To hear thee greet me in my native tongue;
Meete aiaa,† sweetly you express'd,
Your eyes, all eloquent, explain'd the rest.
Say, fondest youth, canst thou forget the night,
When starting from your sleep in wild alight,
'Rise, Oherea, rise, my Queen,' you said,
'Some thief ‡ has stol'n my breeches from my head.'

Sorrowing I went beside the billowy main,
Search'd the long winding coast, but search'd in vain.

My choicest garment straight I shar'd with you,
And fondly cloath'd you in my own *Perou*§.

* A name by which the people of Otaheite called Mr. Banks.

† Anglice, 'Come here to kiss me.'
‡ On their visit to Tootahah, Mr. Banks thought himself fortunate in being placed by Oherea, in her canoe. She insisted on taking his cloaths into her custody. Awaking about eleven, he found they were stolen, on which he awaked Oherea, who, starting up, and hearing his complaint, ordered lights, and prepared in great haste to recover what he had lost. In the morning Oherea brought him some of her country cloaths.

§ *Perou* signifies a petticoat in the Otaheite language.

FLOWERS OF PARNASSUS.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

CARPE DIEM.

FAVOUR'D of Heaven! who erit so nobly shone
 Sublime on Wisdom's as on Salem's throne;
 Who thro' thy wondrous knowledge could'st it explain,

In so divine, so sweet a strain,
 That all we do, and all we think, is vain;
 That, fondly wise, we look on earth for bliss,
 But meet, for pleasure, with deserved pain!
 O may my soul, freed from its native ruit,
 With joyful aid to thy precepts fly,
 There (still a youth) record I am but dust,
 And with thee ponder what it is—to die.

Strange, that mankind, by fatal error borne,
 Can so abruptly shut their eyes to truth;
 So far forget themselves, to scorn
 Those sacred treasures which the soul adorn,
 Those treasures Wisdom gives to thoughtful youth!

Wilt thou, mistaken mortal, still persist,
 With wild ambition, to behold a throne;
 Madly to think that peace can e'er consist
 In the gilt sceptre, or the ermin'd gown?
 Deluded wretch! pursue thy senseless scheme,
 By ev'ry cursed art thy end obtain;
 Then learn, too late, that this thy golden dream,

For lasting pleasure brings thee lasting pain,
 Perhaps thou think'st that mirth and wine
 will give

The happiness for which you sigh;
 Why then dissolve in sensual pleasures,—live
 As if thou never wert to die;
 Quaff deep thy fancied immortality,
 And give to plain conviction, sense, and
 truth, the lie.

Haste to Anacreon's festive board,
 There join the jovial throng;
 Of noise and riot hail'd the lord,
 Some modest damsel's name afford,
 To grace the ribald song.

But what ensues!—Alas! thy tott'ring frame,
 To dire disease and racking pains betray'd,
 To thy eternal infamy and shame,
 No more shall boast its former sprightly frame,
 But quickly be convey'd,
 A poor, repentant, melancholy shade,
 To the untimely grave thy thoughtless folly
 made.

Slave to his passions, and to every vice
 'Tis but an ill-consider'd, unthinking foul entice,
 See easy Florio seek the fell abode

Of some base mercenary fair,

MISCELL. JAN. 1774.

A painted, living sepulchre,
 And in her arms forget himself and God.
 Thro' each gay hour the madman revels on,
 Women, and wine, and mirth, his sole de-
 lights,
 Till, ere he's reach'd his prime, his glass is
 And down he sinks into eternal night.

But timely wise, my soul, do thou retire,
 Within thy chamber commune and be still;
 Repels the fallies of impure desire,
 And learn obedience to th' Almighty's will.
 Let Vice be e'er so lovely in her mien,
 However drest to trap unwary youth,
 Shun her enticements, be not with her feet,
 But choose the paths of Innocence and
 Truth.

So shall no cares disturb thy peaceful breast,
 No heart-felt pangs of conscious guilt be
 thine;

With health shalt thou, and length of days
 be blest,

And after death in radiant glory shine!
 Bright as an angel form, and as thy deeds
 divine.

ODE for the NEW YEAR, 1774.

*Written by Wm. Whitehead, Esq; Poet Laureat,
 and set to Music by Dr. Boyce, master of the
 King's Band of Musicians.*

PASS but a few short fleeting years,
 Imperial Xerxes sigh'd and said,
 While his fond eye, suffus'd with tears,
 His numerous hosts survey'd;
 "Pass but a few short fleeting years,
 And all that pomp which now appears
 A glorious living scene,
 Shall breathe its last; shall fall, shall die,
 And low in earth yon myriads lie,
 As they had never been."

True, Tyrant: wherefore then does pride
 And vain ambition urge thy mind,
 To spread the needless conquest wide,
 And desolate mankind?

Say, why do millions bleed at thy command,
 If life, alas! is short, why shake the hasty
 sand?

Not so do Britain's Kings behold
 Their floating bulwarks of the main
 Their undulating sails unfold,
 And gather all the wind's aerial reign:
 Myriads they see, prepar'd to brave
 The loudest storm, the wildest wave,
 To hurl just thunders on insulting foes,
 To guard, and not invade, the world's
 repose.

F

Myriads

Myriads they see, their country's dear de-
light,
Their country's dear defence, and glory in
the sight!
Nor do they idly drop a tear,
On fated nature's future bier;
For not the grave can damp Britannia's fires;
Tho' chang'd the men, the worth is still
the same;
The sons will emulate their fires,
And the sons sons will catch the glorious
flame!

A NEW-YEAR'S CAROL.

Inscribed to Mr. and Mrs. ———

CHORUS.

COME, let us prepare,
We neighbours that are
To old friendships resolv'd to stand steady,
And join in a cheer,
To salute the New Year,
With a health to our Landlord and Lady.

SONG.

Music, women, and wine,
Will more than the Nine,
And Apollo to make up the tythe-man,
Inspire us with joy,
That never will cloy,
Till fourscore shall summon the Scythe-man.

CHORUS repeated.

With mirth and good cheer,
Let us welcome each year,
Which brings us increase to our knowledge;
For the older we grow,
Our friends we more know,
Then a fig for what's learn'd in a College.

CHORUS repeated.

Leave fools then to think,
And about with the drink,
And in chorus let's all make a fort-noise;
The past is gone home,
The future's not come,
So the present is all we have for't, boys.

CHORUS repeated.

Gloucestershire, Jan. 4, 1774.

On seeing Mr. GAINSBOROUGH'S
PICTURES at BATH.

While connoisseurs, with artificial eyes,
Mechanically pore, and fix the prize;
While, dead to each fine feeling of the heart,
And every principle of taste and art,
They centre merit in an ancient name,
And parcel out by centuries their fame;
Be mine the pleasure, tho' in humble lays,
True, modern merit, to admire and praise.

Yes, *Gainsborough*! yes; thy magic pieces
charm,

And want but age dull connoisseurs to warm.
Thy vivid colours, elegant design,
Rich strokes of fancy, chaste and flowing line,
All nature's beauties in thy tints that glow,
At once thy taste and master-judgment show;

Even beauty's self comes from thy hand im-
prov'd,
And doubly we are charm'd with what we
lov'd.

The living landscape on thy canvass wears
New grace, and gay enchantment all appears,
Oh! to thy charming cottage* let me rove,
That scene of beauty, and domestic love:
There could I gaze for ever, and admire
Thy genius, judgment, elegance, and fire:
And were that cottage mine, no lordly Peer
For mercenary gold should enter there;
In high content the matchless prize I'd hold,
And rate thy genius far above all gold!

* Alluding to a most elegant painting of Mr.
Gainsborough's, which has been purchased by a
noble Lord.

[Gent. Mag.]

On a ROBIN RED-BREAST, which had ta-
ken up his residence in the Cathedral at Bristol,
and accompanied the Organ with his Singing.

By the late Rev. Mr. LOVE, one of the Minor
Canons of that Cathedral.

SWEET social bird! whose soft harmoni-
ous lays
Swell the glad song of thy Creator's praise,
Say, art thou conscious of approaching ill,
Fell winter's storms, the pointed blast that
kills?

Shun'st thou the savage north's un pitying
breath?

Or cruel man's more latent snares of death?
Here dwell secure, *here* with incessant note,
Pour the soft music of thy trembling throat;
Hers, gentle bird, a sure asylum find,
Nor dread the chilling froit, nor boisterous
wind:

No hostile tyrant of the feather'd race,
Shall dare invade thee in this hallow'd place,
Nor while he fails the liquid air along,
Check the thrill numbers of thy cheerful song;
No cautious gunner, whose unerring sight
Stops the swift eagle in his rapid flight;
Shall *here* disturb my lovely songster's rest,
Nor wound the plumage of his beauteous
breast:

The truant school-boy, who in wanton play,
With viscid lime involves th' treach'rous spray,
In vain shall spread the wily snare for thee,
Alike secure thy life and liberty.
Peace then, sweet warbler, to thy flutt'ring
heart,

Defy the rage of hawks, and toils of art,
Now shake thy downy plumes, now gladder
pay

Thy grateful tribute to each rising day:
While clouds below their willing voices raise
To sing with holy zeal Jehovah's praise,
Thou, perch'd on high, shalt hear th' ado-
ring throng,

Catch the warm strains, and aid the sacred
song,

Increase the solemn chorus, and inspire
Each tongue with music, and each heart with
fire.

The following Lines were written by a young Gentleman, at the Request of a Nobleman at whose House the two justly celebrated Ladies were lately on a visit in Herefordshire.*

FORGIVE, my Lord, th' unpolish'd muse;
Who wou'd the promis'd task refuse,
But that he knows his duty.

In ease and indolence supine,
How shall he woo the tuneful Nine,
Or sing the praise of beauty?

Verse is a tribute to the Fair,
And Love shou'd be the poet's care;
It animates his song:

With eloquence the head inspires,
Gives to the heart impassion'd fires,
Persuasion to the tongue.

But, ah! the lightning of the eye,
The snowy bosom's purity,
The harmony of face;
Beauty that shines with such excess,
How weak is language to express,
Tho' deck'd with ev'ry grace!

Of Venus, and the Paphian groves,
Of Cupid, and the wanton Loves,
Who sings—himself exposes;
Art would in vain like Nature paint;
Th' allusion too is trite and faint
Of lillies and of roses.

'Tis not in Beauty's aid alone,
The Tyrant, Love, usurps his throne,
In smiles and dimples seated;
Good-nature must secure his aim,
Good sense must sanctify the flame,
Which Beauty first created.

This to †ALMERIA's charms divine,
This to the lovely †CAROLINE,
Doth real power impart:
Such charms, ye fair, shall swell your train,
And both with blended empire reign
Victorious o'er the heart.

* Lord Bateman.

† Ladies Almeria and Caroline C——r.

A PASTORAL ELEGY

*On the Death of Mr. JOHN CUNNINGHAM,
an eminent Pastoral Poet.*

AS lately I walked o'er the plain,
The loveliest of nymphs I esp'y'd;
With sorrow I heard her complain,
For with anguish the bitterly sigh'd.

I resolv'd to address the fair maid,
And learn the sad cause of her moan;

But as I approach'd her, she said,
"Kind shepherd, pray leave me alone.

"No comfort I here can receive,

"Such losses I'm doom'd to deplore,

"These woods and these plains I must leave,
"For my Damon, sweet youth, is no more."

Her plaint I no longer could hear,
Sighs and tears in a flood stop'd the rest;
And from weeping I could not forbear,
To see this fair nymph so oppress'd.

Amaz'd with those charms I esp'y'd,
With the graces that round her did shine;
She must be some goddess, I cry'd,
Her origin sure is divine.

Quite anxious to know this fair maid,
I begg'd she her name would reveal;

"My name is Pastora," she said,
"Of shepherds and songsters the theme.

"My Damon delighted in song,
"Not such as dull rustics rehearse,

"But love and good sense went along,
"And Damon lik'd pastoral verse.

"His muse was so chaste and refin'd,
"So free from all malice and guile,

"That it charm'd, whilst it better'd the
"mind,

"And abhor'd ev'ry thought that was vile.

"But ah! the dear lad is no more!

"Pale death, that regards not how few

"Of such shepherds remain on this shore,

"Has remov'd the lov'd swain from my
"view."

Then, departing, she said, "gentle swain,

"If in pastoral verse you delight,

"Let Damon's chaste muse aid the strain,

"For his muse did in virtue delight."

Thornton in Craven.

W. K—x, jun.

[T. and C. Mag.]

FOR THE MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

*To a LADY, who expressed a Desire of seeing an
University established for WOMEN.*

DELUDED maid! thy claim forego,
Nor fondly court thy greatest foe;
SCIENCE has, doubtless, pow'ful charms,
But shun, ah! shun her tempting arms:
For should'st thou feel her strict embrace,
Farewell to ev'ry winning grace;
Farewell to ev'ry pleasing art,
That binds in chains the yielding heart;
Beauty before her presence flies,
Too soon she dims the brightest eyes;
At her approach the roses fade,
Each charm forsakes th' astonish'd maid;
And o'er her face, of sickly pale,
Thought slowly draws its loathsome veil.

'Tis not for thee, mistaken maid!

In a lone cloister's gloomy shade,
Smit with the love of classic lore,
O'er books, with aching eyes to pore;
To turn the philosophic page,
Or court some antient moral sage:
Why should'st thou lose the hours of youth,
Those golden hours! in search of truth?
In search of what thou ne'er canst find,
"For ask the learn'd the way, they're blind."
But why should'st thou thus madly strive,
To lose thy just prerogative?
For, if tradition we believe,
Women, e'er since the days of Eve,
Charm'd with the voice of flattery,
Were doom'd to listen to a lie!

Quit then, oh! quit this idle theme,
Awake from this delusive dream,
Let learning, dulness, sloth, and pride,
With Heads of Colleges reside:
Go, wiser thou, to scenes of mirth,
Where wit gives lab'ring fancy birth,
Where to the fiddle's sprightly sound
In mazy dance the feet rebound;
There let thine eyes successful roll,
While music melts away thy soul,
Bid at each turn an arrow fly,
At ev'ry glance a coxcomb die:
There keep the station heav'n design'd,
And reign triumphant o'er mankind;
Nor ever with, perverse, to see
A FEMALE UNIVERSITY!

The CHOICE of a WIFE by CHEESE.

By Capt. THOMPSON.

THERE liv'd in York, an age ago,
A man whose name was *Pimlico*:
He lov'd three sisters passing well;
But which the best he could not tell.
These sisters three, divinely fair,
Shew'd *Pimlico* their tend'rest care;
For each was elegantly bred,
And all were much inclin'd to wed;
And all made *Pimlico* their choice,
And prais'd him with their sweetest voice.

Young *Pim*, the gallant and the gay,
Like as divided 'twixt the hay,
At last resolv'd to gain his ease,
And chuse his wife by eating Cheese.
He wrote his card, he seal'd it up,
And said, with them that night he'd sup;
Begg'd that there might only be
Good *Cheshire Cheese*, and but them three;
He was resolv'd to crown his life,
And by that means to fix his wife.

The girls were pleas'd at his conceit;
Each dress'd herself divinely neat;
With faces full of peace and plenty,
Blooming roses under twenty:
For surely *Nancy*, *Betty*, *Sally*,
Were sweet as lillies of the valley.
But singly, surely buxom *Bet*
Was like new-hay and minionet;
Yet each surpass'd a poet's fancy,
For that, of truth, was said of *Nancy*:
And as for *Sal*, she was a *Donna*,
As fair as those of old *Crotona**,
Who to *Apelles* lent their faces,
To make up *Madam Helen's* graces.
To those, the gay, divided *Pim*,
Came elegantly smart and trim:
When every smiling maiden, certain,
Cut of the Cheese, to prove her fortune;
Nancy, at once, not fearing—caring,
To shew her saving, eat the paring;
And *Bet* to shew her gen'rous mind,
She cut and threw away the rhind,
While prudent *Sarah*, sure to please,
Like a clean maiden, scrap'd her cheese.

This done, young *Pimlico* reply'd,
"Sally I now declare my bride:
"With *Nan* I can't my welfare put,
"For she has prov'd a dirty slut:
"And *Betty*, who has par'd the rhind,
"Would give my fortune to the wind.
"Sally the happy medium chose,
"And I with *Sarah* will repose;
"She's prudent, cleanly; and the man
"Who fixes on a nuptial plan,
"Can never err, if he will choose
"A wife by Cheese—before he ties the noose."

* *Apelles*, from five beautiful Virgins of *Crotona*, drew his *Helen* of *Troy*, the adulterous wife of *Menelaus*. [*Westm. Mag.*]

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

The DRESS of the PRESENT MONTH.

As established in the polite Circle at St. James's, and at Bath.

THE LADIES wear their Hair dressed flat at top, with a peak and square, ornamented with small fly's and round lappets, or wide ribbon, or feather flowers and lappets;—Rich Silks for Negligees, of chocolate, marone, orange, or scarlet, with chenille flounces and trimmings, and large hoops;—Slippers the same colour as the silks, with gold and silver broad fringe, and small roses.——The genteel *Undress*,—Chocolate or marone Silk Night-gowns, with round cuffs and robings;—Boufons for the neck, and Cloaks, of small white and black figured Silks, made short behind and very long before, with furr linings;—Muffs of their own paintings, and work'd in the Tambour;—Hats very small and slightly trimm'd,—or Bonnets with round, flat crowns and small fronts, slightly trimm'd.

The GENTLEMEN, full-dressed, wear French frocks of napp'd ratteen, lin'd with flag velvet, and rich gold or silver buttons;—rich tambour or brocaded waistcoats;—the waist shorter, and cuff rather larger than last month.—*Undress*,—Plain ratteen frocks, French sleeves;—fall-down collars of the same, or of different-coloured velvet, with gilt, steel, or plated buttons;—waistcoat and breeches of patent flag velvet.

FOREIGN and DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES,

FROM DECEMBER 8, to JANUARY 8.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

MESSINA, *Oct. 26.*

By the last accounts from Palermo, we learn, that the populace continued very riotous, and were divided into two parties, one of which had set up a mechanic for Vice-Roy, which the other party strongly opposing, a scuffle ensued last Friday, and seven or eight lost their lives, but the latter party got the better; however, the new Vice-Roy continues at the head of his faction, and has already imprisoned six hundred persons. Both parties have proposed terms of accommodation to his Majesty. In the mean time the Vice-Roy has orders to prepare the troops: and it is said several polaccas of burden are sailed from Naples for the out-ports of that kingdom, to be in readiness to embark others as occasion may require.

At the Cava, about 22 miles from Naples, on Friday last, a violent land-flood carried away a village, and buried about 200 people in the ruins.—*Lon. Gaz.*

VIENNA, *Dec. 1.* We have just received authentic advices, that Gen. Solतिकow has defeated and dispersed a large body of Turks, amounting to eleven thousand horse and foot, under Hinman Bassa, son of the Pacha of that name, in Wallachia, where they had made head, and possessed themselves of some very important places, but were at last forced to an engagement in the open field, by the Turks, who entirely routed them, took 1500 prisoners, with all the artillery, baggage, &c. 2000 of the Turks were killed, and 3000 wounded. The Russians had above 4000 men killed and wounded.

VIENNA, *Dec. 2.* We have this moment received intelligence, that the Russians have taken Bazarzick, without firing a shot, where they found 22 pieces of cannon, one mortar, and abundance of treasure which the Turks had hidden in subterraneous places; they have taken besides a large stud of horses, and made 200 Turks prisoners.

GENOA, *Nov. 12.* According to the latest advices from Palermo, a discovery has just been made that the whole riot was contrived and carried on by the Nobility.

Great complaints are made to the Courts of Madrid on the behaviour of the Archbishop of Palermo, and among the rioters that have been taken up, many of the nobility were found in disguise. The person who attempted to stab the Viceroy as he was getting into the state coach, is of a noble family of high rank. A courier has been dispatched to Madrid, with an account of the whole affair, and they expect orders from Court daily. It is supposed that many of the nobles of the highest rank will lose their heads.

Constantinople, *Nov. 17.* A corps of our troops, commanded by Apti Pachi, and Chaous Pachi, amounting to about 40,000 men, who were going to attack the Russians in their entrenchments at Bazarzick, in order to dislodge them from thence, and force them to repass the Danube, and by that means prevent them from taking up their winter quarters on this side of that river, had the misfortune not only to see their intentions entirely defeated, but were mostly cut to pieces by the Russians, who made 10,000 of them prisoners.

Two Turkish commanders were among the slain. The Grand Vizir fearing a revolt, marched at the head of his whole army to attack the enemy, who, notwithstanding the inferiority of their forces, after a bloody battle, entirely defeated the Ottoman army; and the Grand Vizir was said to be dangerously wounded: the enemy, after this victory, marched against Varna, most of the inhabitants of which place, fearing they should be pillaged by the Cossacks, fled with the most valuable part of their effects.

These disagreeable accounts have thrown the Grand Signior and the Divan into the greatest consternation.

At an assembly of the Chiefs of the Janissaries, it was resolved, that 60,000 men were to be raised immediately, to whom the Grand Signior has granted a pay of 13 aspres [about 7d.] a day.

L O N D O N.

Dec. 8. We are informed, that within the last twelve months, there has not been one fourth part of the power work exported

exported for America as was usual, owing to the failure of remittances from that quarter of the globe.

We hear from Tewksbury, that a prosecution hath been commenced against the Rev. Mr. Evanston of that place, by several of the parishioners. The accusation against him is for depraving the public worship of God contained in the liturgy of the Church of England, asserting the same to be superstitious and antichristian; preaching, writing and conversing against the Creeds and the Divinity of our Saviour, and assuming to himself the power of the public worship. Above three hundred other parishioners have subscribed the sum of 240 pounds, in order to defend his cause.

It is reported that Lord Sandwich will give the 500*l.* that the printer of the London Evening is to pay as a fine, to the marine society.

11. This day a duel was fought between Mr. Temple, a gentleman who has a place of 500*l.* a year in the Custom House, and Mr. Whately, a banker, in Lombard-Street; they each fired a pistol, but without effect; they then drew their swords, and the latter received four wounds, none of which, however, are thought to be dangerous.—It seems the letters written by Governor Hutchinson, which made so much noise lately in America, were addressed to Mr. Whately's brother, who died some time ago; copies of which having been basely procured without Mr. Whately's knowledge, were transmitted to America. Now it is said, Mr. Temple wanted Mr. Whately to assert that they were fictitious,—this Mr. Whately refused to do, and some altercations arising, a challenge ensued.

14. This day the sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when John Cliff, for burglary; Robert Leigh and Robert Johnson, for forgery; Benjamin Martin and John Ridley, for stealing a milch cow; James M'Daniel, for a robbery on the highway; and John Taylor, received judgment of death.

Mr. Chelton, attorney at law, convicted the last session of wilful and corrupt perjury, received sentence to be transported for seven years.

There is now in this metropolis a gentleman who has acquired a fortune of 150,000*l.* by gaming.

The Governors of the bank have received near two millions of light guineas, which they have recoined, and pay all the interest of annuities with new cash.

The Marchioness of Caermarthen, when presented at Court by Lady Angram, had 70,000*l.* worth of jewels about her person; their Majesties received her in white and silver favours, the nuptial compliment they had condescended to accept.

17. The Board of Commerce at Copenhagen have offered a premium of 50 dollars for each yard that shall be manufactured in Denmark, in imitation of Manchester goods, on condition that they shall be equal, or nearly equal, to those manufactured in Great-Britain.

The Empress of Russia's army, in its different divisions, consists at this time of 759,000 men.

Charles Rainsford, Esq; is elected a Member for Malden, in the room of the late Mr. Huske.

21. Yesterday a commission passed the seal, authorizing Samuel Earl of Harcourt to give the Royal assent to a bill for laying a stamp duty on vellum, parchment, paper, &c. in Ireland: And to a bill for raising the sum of 265,000*l.* by life annuities, with benefit of survivorship.

24. Yesterday morning the scrutiny was to have begun at Guildhall, with respect to the late election, but the friends of Mr. Roberts insisting on taking council with them, a warm altercation commenced between them and the Sheriffs, the latter urging that they would not comply with it, unless it had been agreed to by both candidates, at the time the scrutiny was demanded; accordingly Mr. Roberts's scrutineers declined going any further into the matter at Guildhall, as he is determined to carry it into the House of Commons; and the Lord-Mayor was declared duly elected in the usual form.

Wednesday at a quarterly general Court of the Proprietors of East-India Stock, the Directors fixed the half-yearly dividend at *three per cent.*

It is said, that an eminent Merchant in Cheapside has received orders from Russia to the amount of 25,000*l.* for cloathing of the Czarina's army.

25. The principal porter brewers have come to a resolution to discontinue brewing from this day, till the beginning of February next, on account of the high price of malt and hops.

28. Malt fell last week 3*s.* per quarter, and it is thought will be much lower, as the steps now taken by the brewers will throw at least 80,000 quarters on the market. There are five brewers in London, who together consume 20,000 quarters per month.

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The following extraordinary advertisement is printed *verbatim* from the Williamsburgh Gazette, just arrived from Virginia, and is a signal proof of the great humanity the planters in that part of the world exercise towards their unfortunate slaves:

"Run away from the subscriber, in Prince George, on the 10th of April, a lusty, strong, boney negro fellow, named Bob, of a brownish complexion, upwards of six feet high, about fifty years old, bow-kneed, and had on a cotton waistcoat and breeches, and an Osnaburg shirt. He has a wife at Mr. John Nelson's in Louisa, and I imagine he is gone up there, and may be harboured by some of his negroes. The said fellow is outlawed, and I will give ten pounds reward for his head severed from his body, or 40s. if brought alive. He had been burnt in the hand, and I suppose some evil-disposed person has given him a pass, that he may pass for a freeman.

JOHN WOODLIFFE, senior.

Sunday morning about six o'clock, a terrible fire broke out at Mr. Woodward's, one of the Clerks of the Ordnance, in the Tower, which house, with six or seven others, were entirely consumed. It extended itself to one of the store-towers, the inside of which is also destroyed.—Two gentlewomen, relations to Mr. Bullock, in Bucklerbury, were killed, by jumping out of a two-pair-of-stairs window, to save themselves from the flames. A servant maid jumped out of the garret window, and was caught in the arms of one of the guards, one of which was broke, but happily saved her life.

Jan. 6. The election for Member of Dublin, ended on Tuesday, in favour of Redmond Morris, Esq; who was fifty votes a-head of Mr. Geale.

The Bill has passed the House of Lords in Ireland, to enable the Roman Catholics to lend money upon landed security in that kingdom.

The Duke of Cumberland sent orders from Italy for his seat at Windsor Lodge to be kept open for three successive days during Christmas, for the neighbouring poor inhabitants to be entertained with roast beef, puddings, pies, &c.

I R E L A N D.

Dublin Castle, Dec. 25. This day his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant went in state to the House of Peers and gave the Royal assent to, An Act for granting to his Majesty an additional duty on beer, ale, strong waters, wine, tobacco, &c.

&c. and for prohibiting the importation of gold and silver lace, cambricks, and lawns, except from Great-Britain.—An act for granting several duties, taxes, &c. to pay an interest of 4 per cent. for such principal sums formerly borrowed as remain unpaid at Christmas 1773.—And an act to repeal the northern riot act.

Dublin, Dec. 29. On Monday last Dr. Clement made the report from the committee of comparison on the annuity bill returned from London, by which it appeared there were about 70 alterations in that and the stamp-act. This greatly enraged the Members, and after a debate whether the House should go into a committee on them, Col. Brown said, he wished the Bill might be gone through, paragraph by paragraph, to reprobate every alteration; that they were made by the Attorney General of England, who had ventured to add a whole enacting clause; and when that came on, he would move, that instead of the words "be it enacted by the authority aforesaid," it should run, "be it enacted by the authority of Mr. Thurlow." The bills were both rejected, without going into them, and fresh heads for an annuity and a stamp bill, were presented next day.

COUNTRY NEWS.

Cambridge, Dec. 13. The election of a Chemical Professor, which has been in agitation above two years, was on Wednesday afternoon decided in favour of Mr. Pennington, Fellow of St. John's College, and one of the physicians to Adenbrooke's Hospital.

The subject of Mr. Seaton's prize poem for the ensuing year, is *Duelling*.

Bath, Dec. 22. Thursday the 9th instant died, after a long illness, Henry Clarke, Esq; of Mere, Wilts, aged 66; and the Sunday following died almost suddenly, Mrs. Clarke, wife of the above gentleman, aged 72. They were both buried in one grave on Wednesday.

Glocester, Jan. 3. Tuesday last one Richard Faulkner, was committed to our castle, charged with robbing Mr. John Bird, of Stonehouse, in this county, last Saturday se'nnight, about 11 at night; when he took from him his watch, with about 20s. in silver, and attempted to murder Mr. Bird, by cutting his throat; in which attempt, however, he providentially failed, though the skin was cut through almost from ear to ear.—Mr. Bird imagined himself attacked by three persons; but Faulkner declares positively that he had no accomplice.

P R E F E R R E D.

The Rev. Charles Caldeall, M. A. to the vicarage of Aylesford in Kent, with the vicarage of Ashburnham in Suffex.
 Rev. Richard Hole, M. A. to hold the rectory of North Pawton, with the rectory of Chumleigh, in Devonshire.
 Rev. Dr. Wollaston, one of the King's Chaplains, to be a prebendary of Peterborough.
 Rev. Tho. Williams, M. A. of Balliol college, Oxford, to the living of Beere-Regis, Dorset.
 Rev. Millington Massey, B. D. to the vicarage of Warminster, Wilts.
 Rev. Henry Carington, A. M. to the vicarage of St. Stephen in Norwich.
 Rev. Mr. Francis Bowness, vicar of Corton, to the perpetual curacy of Hopton, Suffolk.
 Wm. Scott, Esq; B. C. L. to be Camden professor of history at Oxford.
 Rev. James Hugh Spry, LL. D. to hold the vicarage of Pottern, with the rectory of Brixton-Deverell, Wilts, worth 340l. a year.
 Wm. Buller, M. A. to a canonry, or prebend in St. George's chapel, Windsor.
 Rev. Richard Bewles, to the rectory of St. Nicholas in Abingdon, Berks.
 Rev. John Peers, A. M. of Merton college, Oxford, to the rectory of Ickleford cum Pirton, in Herts.
 Rev. Mr. Tacklington, to the rectory of Medbourne, Leicestershire, worth 400l. a year.
 Earl of Guilford, to be treasurer to the queen, in the room of And. Stone, Esq; deceased.
 Rev. Mr. Hopper, one of the prebendaries of Ely, to the living of Granfen, in Cambridgeshire, worth 200l. per annum.

M A R R I E D.

Lord Viscount Cranburn, son of the Earl of Salisbury, to Lady Mary Hill, daughter of the Earl of Hillsborough.
 Lord Ligonier, to Lady Mary Henley, sister to the present Earl of Northampton.
 Lieut. Michael John Everitt, of the Navy, to Miss Molly Munday, of Botley, Hants.
 The Rev. Mr. Martin, professor of Botany in the University of Cambridge, to Miss Ellison, sister to the Rev. Dr. Ellison.
 Wm. Paynter, Esq; of the Navy Office, to Miss Northcote, only daughter of the late Sir H. Northcote, Bart. of Pines, Devon.
 Fountain North, Esq; of Roughton, in Norfolk, to Miss Arabella Strutt, of Hampstead, with a fortune of 30000l.
 Wm. Carter, Esq; mayor of Portsmouth, to Miss Jellico.
 Henry Vernon, Esq; of Great Thurlow in Suffolk, to Jane, third daughter of Sir John Cullum, Bart.
 Lord Sydney, to the Hon. Miss St. Lawrence, daughter to the Earl of Lovth.
 At Bath, the Rev. Mr. Christopher Wyvill, rector of Rhed Noctley in Essex, to Miss Wyvill, sister of Sir Marmaduke-Army Wyvill, of Burton, in Yorkshire, Bart.
 Rev. Dr. Watson, professor of divinity at Cambridge, to Miss Wilkin, sister to D. Wilson, Esq; of Dalham Tower, Westmoreland.
 * * * * * Wilkin, Esq; of Paddington, aged 66, to Miss Selwyn, aged 18. He stood godfather to the young lady; and she is his fifth wife.
 Rev. Dr. Warton, head-master of Winchester school, to Miss Nicholas, eldest daughter of Wm. Nicholas, Esq; of Froyle, Hants.

John Estridge, Esq; to Miss Whately, daughter of Alderman Whately, of Bristol.
 Francis Aiskell, Esq; of London, merchant to Miss Lucas, daughter of Robert Lucas, Esq; of Castle Grove, Devon.
 At Bath, Simeon Moreau, Esq; to Miss Walker, daughter of the late learned Dr. Walker, Dean of Boocking.

D I E D.

In the Minorities, aged 93, Unwin Thomas, Esq; formerly a Portugal merchant.
 The Rev. Samuel Trotter, M. A. rector of Newton-Purcell, Oxon.
 Capt. Lambert, of the Royal navy.
 At Leigh, in Lancashire, Rev. Dr. R. Bradley, in Dublin, Sir Richard Gethings.
 Of the gout, at his seat in Hertfordshire, the Right Hon. James Viscount Grimston.
 Miss Levelson, cousin to Earl Gower; a maiden lady.
 Of a paralytic stroke, Sir John Rogers, bart. recorder and senior alderman of Plymouth.
 Suddenly, in the public rooms, at Bath, Mr. James Wroughton, a young gentleman, about 16, only son of Geo. Wroughton, Esq; of Wilcot, Wilts.
 The Rev. Brock Rand, A. M. Curate of St. Thomas in Salisbury, and Vicar of Sutton Benger in North-Wiltshire.

B A N K R U P T S.

Robert Cambell, of London, merchant.
 Thomas Dade, of Great Yarmouth, merchant.
 John Money, of Swafham, money-scrivener.
 Samuel Death, of Lavenham, yarn-maker.
 James Tarv. Reed, of King's Lynn, merchant.
 Wade Holton, of Holborn, grocer.
 Samuel Pegler, of Malmesbury, yarn-maker.
 W. Carter, of Christchurch, money-scrivener.
 Jonathan Brunt, of Over Haddon, potter.
 Lewis Cuthbert, of Mary to Bone, merchant.
 Wm. Johnson, of Clerkenwell, dealer in wine.
 Bryan Reed, of Wigenhall, Norfolk, grocer.
 John Wilton, of Highgate, baker.
 David Evans, of London, merchant.
 Barwick Clapham, of Knarebro', innholder.
 Francis Bowland, of Christ-church, weaver.
 W. Brown, jun. of Jewin-street, lapidary.
 John Baker, of the Strand, dealer in coals.
 Charles Jaffry, of Westminster, upholsterer.
 Edward Buckmaster, of Leighton Buflard, mealman.
 Wm. Shinel, of Tiverton, rope-maker.
 Samuel Dixon, of Little Yarmouth, innholder.
 Mary Stanford, of Liverpool, millener.
 Tho. Butler and James Butler, of Lawrence Pountney-lane, merchants.
 James Hunter, of Fudding-lane, merchant.
 Moses Burch, of Stepney causeway, mariner.
Bankruptcy superseded.
 John Fowler, of Ipswich, merchant.

P R I C E O F S T O C K S, J A N. 7.

Bank stock, 120 1-8th. India-stock, shut.
 South-sea, — 3 per cent. bank red. 86 3-4ths.
 Ditto consol. shut. 3 1-half ditto, 1758, shut.
 4 per cent. con. 91 1-half. Old S. S. ann. 85 1-8th. New ditto, shut. 3 per cent. 1741, — Ditto India ann. 80 1-half. Long ann. shut. India bonds 225. a 21s. prem.
 Navy and Vict. bills, 1 3-4th per cent. discount.
 BRASSECOMBE and CO. Stock-brokers,
 At their Lottery Office, No. 5, Holborn.